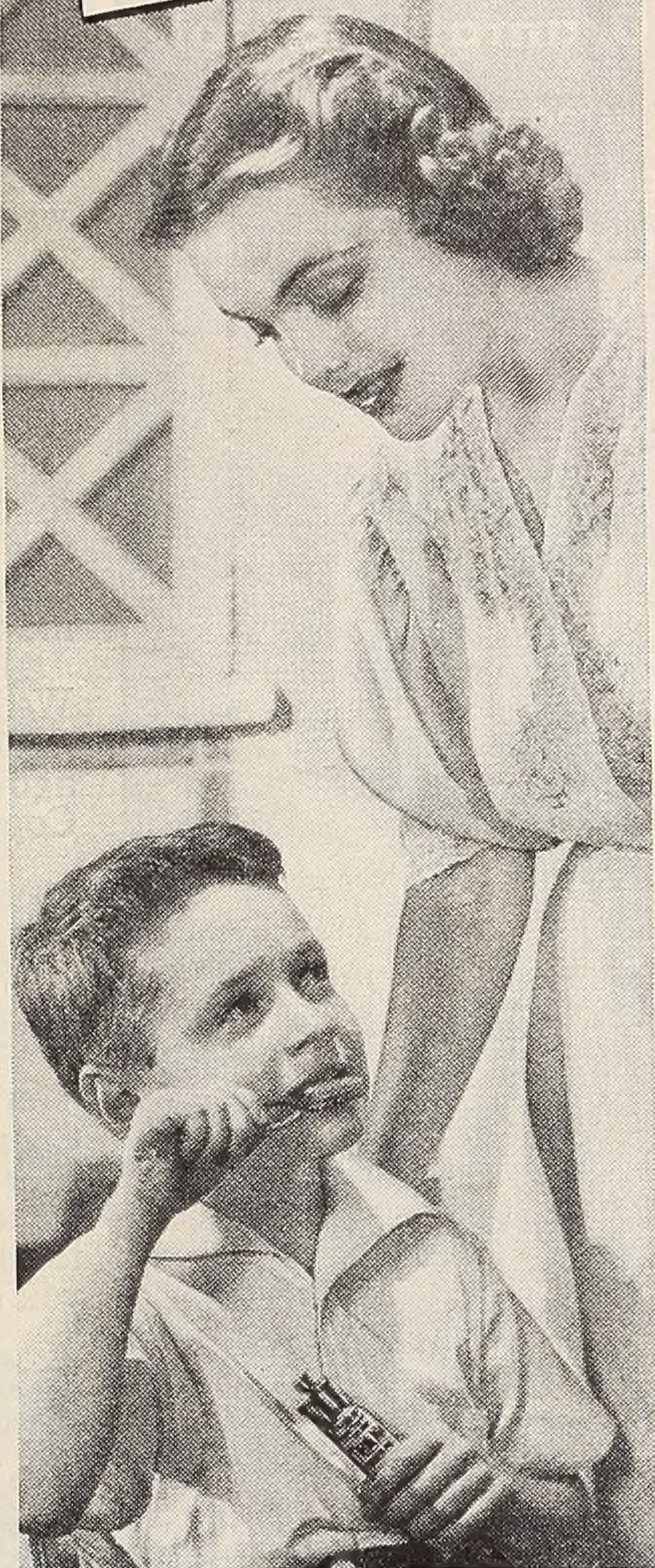


He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! (Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?)

Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. (He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)

Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? (Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling—to keep your smile attractive.)



Play Safe with your Smile—

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—

gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is

aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

Yearning Youth

Behind the Scenes of a
Parisian Dramatic School

Share their dreams, their loves,
their longings...in the most heart-
stirring poignant dramatic
romance since "Stage Door"...

LUISE

RAINER

PAULETTE

GODDARD

DRAMATIC SCHOOL

with

ALAN MARSHALL • LANA TURNER • GALE SONDERGAARD
ANTHONY ALLAN • HENRY STEPHENSON • GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn Leroy
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR



WATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.



It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...



You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.



As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullivan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

★ ★ ★

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS", latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

★ ★ ★

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

★ ★ ★

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

— Leo



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

We hope you like the new spirit in SCREENLAND, The Smart Screen Magazine. Your interest, your enthusiastic response are what we're all working for. And we are going right ahead to present to you more of the fresh, the new and novel, the amazing features from Hollywood, world capital of charm, entertainment and excitement.

Next month we will give you what I have no hesitation in calling the most controversial article ever written about Hollywood. About Hollywood? Let's be frank—about *Hollywood Women*. If anyone tells you he is not interested in that subject, don't believe it! Hollywood Women are the most admired, imitated, discussed and fought over in the world today. That's why SCREENLAND's big article about them is worth your while.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE,
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

writes this daring, highly diverting feature for us. We won't tell you the title, because it's dynamite; but you'll take our word for it that we have something there! Please watch for the February issue, on sale January 4th.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
PUBLISHER.

January, 1939

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 3

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	9
Hollywood Has Fun Playing Cartoons.....		10
Hollywood Whirl.....		12
True Story of Bette Davis' Broken Romance....	Mayme Ober Peak	16
We Might as Well Face It—They Smell.....	Elizabeth Wilson	18
Christmas in Hollywood.....	Carol King	20
At the Rodeo.....	Liza	22
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Joan Bennett.....		24
How Joan Crawford Faces Her Greatest Crisis.....	Ben Maddox	28
Tyrone Power's Location Diary.....		30
Secrets of Women Revealed by 2 "Zazas".....	Charles Darnton	32
Pet Picture Contest.....		34
Her Year of Exile. Ann Sothorn.....	Jerry Asher	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Great Women of Motion Pictures. II. Frances Marion		
	Elizabeth Benneche Petersen	54
"I Hope Somebody Will Give Me ..".....	Courtenay Marvin	56
"Click, and You've Got Something".....	Ruth Tildesley	58
Hollywood Wedding. Fiction.....	S. Gordon Gurwit	61

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Bette Davis and "Miss Tibbie" By Morgan Dennis; Shirley Temple, W. C. Fields, Nancy Kelly, Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Cesar Romero, Jean Arthur, Irene Dunne, Joan Fontaine, Myrna Loy, Louise Campbell, Frances Farmer, Robert Taylor, Ellen Drew, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Hollywood Puzzlers, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page		6
Ask Me!.....	Miss Vee Dee	7
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	62
Inside the Stars' Homes. Anita Louise.....	Betty Boone	60
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	74
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		82

Cover Portrait of Virginia Bruce

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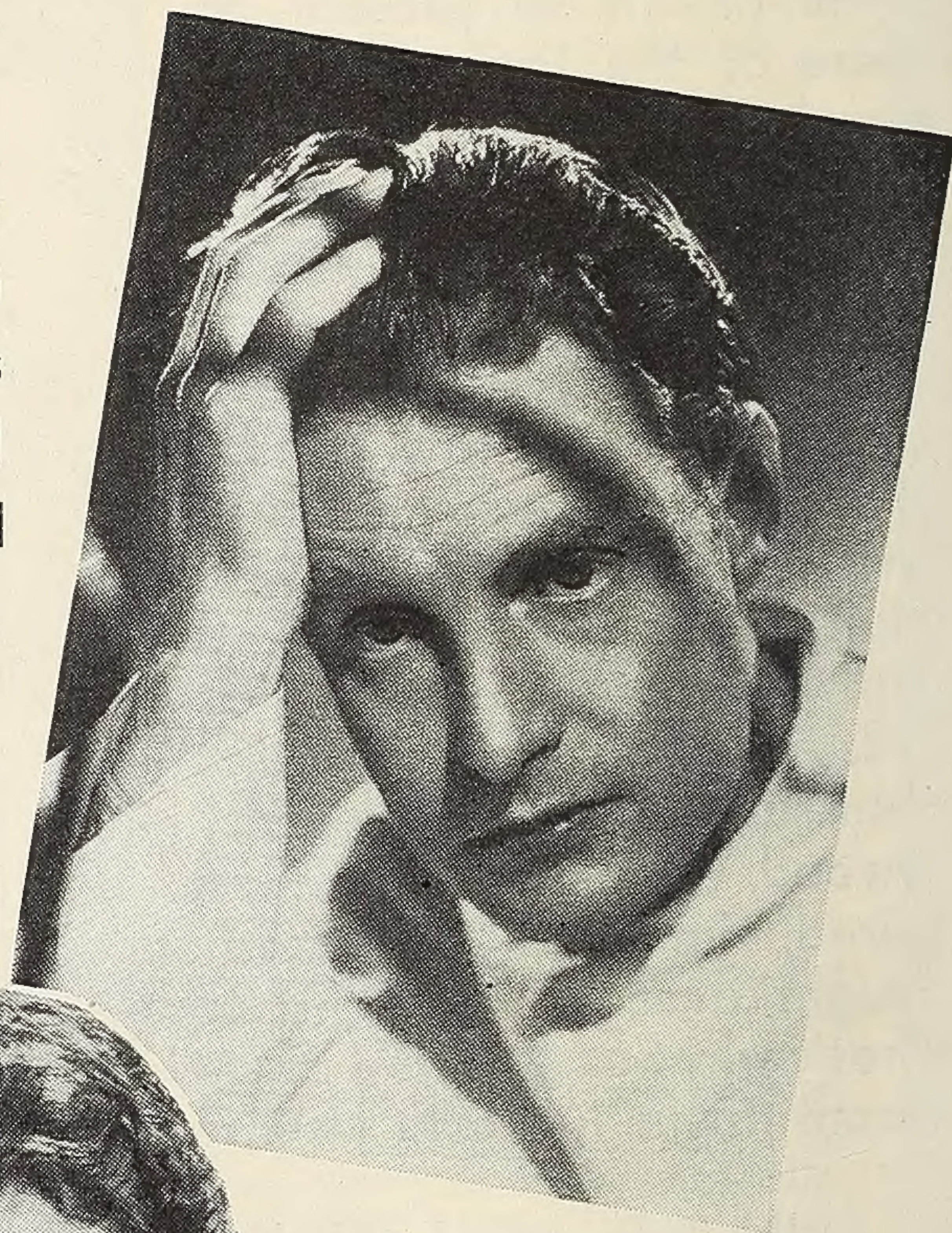
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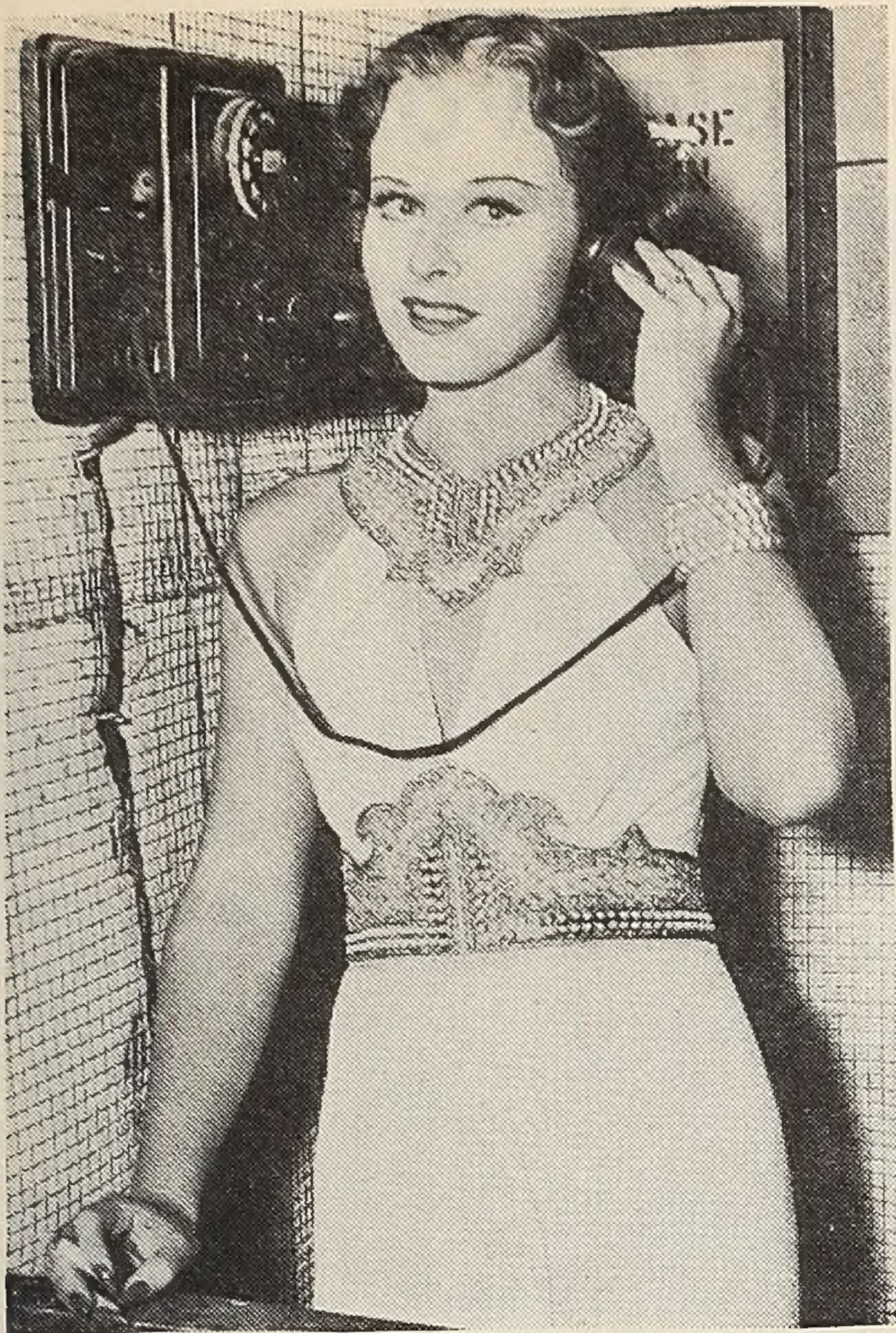
To Robert Donat, whose portrayal in "The Citadel" glows with warmth and moving human appeal



The brilliance of Donat's performance as Dr. MANSON results from its restraint and striking authority. In two contrasting moods, above. Left, with his co-star, Rosalind Russell, winning new honors as CHRISTINE.

TO MANY associated with the artistic achievement which brings A. J. Cronin's popular novel to the screen as a more powerful and touching drama than the novel from which it stems, there must go ungrudging credit. But none will deny that Robert Donat's interpretation of the man we meet first as an impassioned young scientist is productive of the intense reality that carries "The Citadel" over passages and events which in themselves lack the strength of true conviction. Donat's part is not cut to the heroic pattern of a *Monte Cristo* or many others in which he has scored great success. But his portrayal of the growth, through the decline of ideals, and final regeneration as a man honest with himself and his science, is a measure of this fine actor's command of his art and merits Robert Donat the highest tribute.





Information please! But don't ask who's calling Paulette Goddard here. Miss Vee Dee says she won't tell.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

A Fan. Edward Norris was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and that is his real name. He is the son of Dr. Richard C. and Grace Norris. He received his education at Penn Charter School, Haverford High School and Culver Military Academy. At present he is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Watch for him in "Tail Spin," his next.

Elaine D. Jonathan Hale played in "Alice Adams," a picture produced by RKO; "Three Live Ghosts," M-G-M, "Two Many Parents," "Yellow Jack" and many other films.

R. R. Ramon Novarro appeared in "The Sheik Steps Out," a Republic picture. He was traveling in Europe for some time, also making personal appearances. His fans are exceedingly loyal to him and clamor to see him in more pictures.

Joseph J. "End of the World" was first produced in 1916, also in 1924. As far as I know, it has not been produced since.

Floyd H. T. Bobby Breen was born in Toronto, Canada, November 4, 1927. He has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He made his professional debut in 1931 at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. Address him at RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

R. P. S. "Wings of the Morning," Anna-bella and Henry Fonda. "Holy Terror," Tony Martin, Joan Davis and Leah Ray. "Fair Warning," Betty Furness and John Howard Payne.

Florence G. Yes, Cesar Romero is his real name; he was born in New York City, February 15, 1907. You might try writing to 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Corp., Hollywood, California, for a photograph of Mr. Romero.



"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!



*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Result for careless girls—is coarser,

harsher hands. Wiser girls supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.



FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

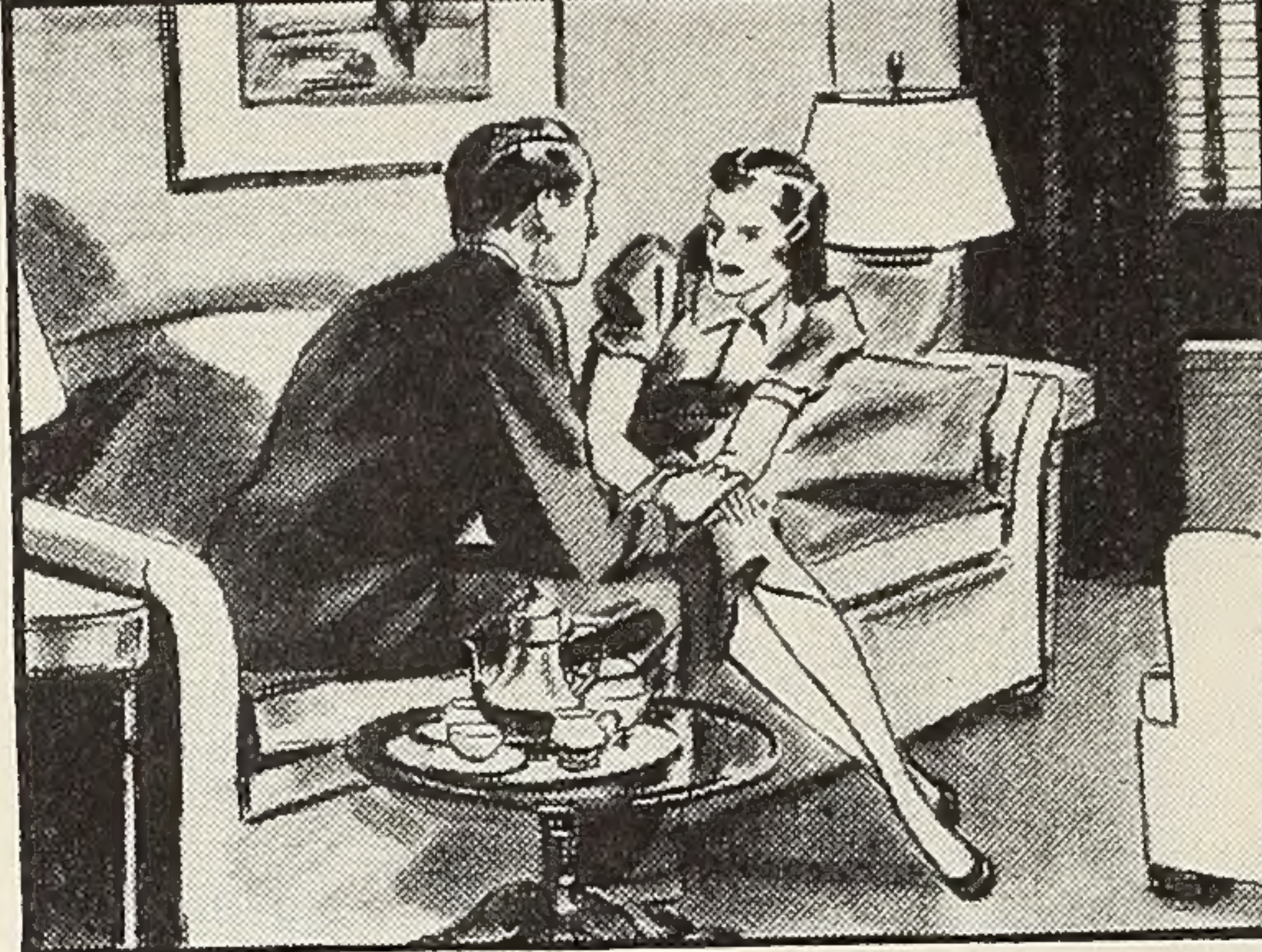
The Andrew Jergens Co., 2349 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____
City _____ State _____

I was averaging \$45⁰⁰ a Week as a Saleswoman...



1 At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging \$45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.



2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.



3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still...

I suspected dirty work...

4 I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and...



5 ... in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours ought to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...



6 So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.



7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—and Mrs. J—; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."



8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

AN EMPLOYMENT MANAGER SAYS:

NO CUSTOMER WANTS TO DEAL WITH A SALESPERSON WHOSE BREATH IS BAD. KNOWING LISTERINE TO BE THE OUTSTANDING BREATH DEODORANT, WE SUGGEST ITS USE TO ALL EMPLOYEES. NO GIRL—NO MAN—IN CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC SHOULD RUN THE RISK OF BAD BREATH



**USE LISTERINE
for HALITOSIS**
(BAD BREATH)

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to John Garfield



Garfield, brilliant young actor who scored in "Four Daughters," his first film, now appears in "They Made Me A Criminal." Scene above shows him with Ann Sheridan.

DEAR MR. G.:

I want to make a bet with you. I'll bet a drive-in nutburger to a smoked turkey sandwich at the Troc that you will let Hollywood lure you for keeps. That all your fine brave plans about refusing to be "typed" or cast in meaningless pictures, about returning to the stage to keep in dramatic trim will go the way of all plans that idealistic young actors make when they first go to Hollywood, only to end up by letting the golden Lorelei own them body and soul.

You made such a hit in "Four Daughters" that you were immediately hailed as a great screen actor. You, yourself, have common sense enough to deny this—you were just fair, you thought; and you seemed to have both feet firmly on the ground, scorning superlatives and wanting only to do a good solid acting job. And you insisted on a clause in your movie contract permitting you to return to the stage for a work-out any time you wanted with sixty days' notice to the studio. Fair enough. Good for you. But will you stick to it?

I can remember other good actors from the stage, actors of intelligence and integrity, who vowed they would never go Hollywood; no, art was more pressing than gold, and they'd be back on Broadway at intervals to play parts they could get their teeth into, to keep from getting soft, to come to grips with the real thing. But what happened to these others? Once successful, somehow prowess at polo edged out interest in art and such; after all, personality not performance was what the public paid to see; so why worry? Lotus-land was more comfortable than battling Broadway, and a lot more fun. And who could blame them? Well, I for one. The public, much maligned by Hollywood, really can and does appreciate performance quite as sincerely as it warms to personality. Witness Muni, one actor who is absolutely independent of personality appeal, but doing quite all right without it. He may be branded "difficult" because he has been known to refuse rôles and because he insists on the privilege of picking his own scripts; but the public knows a Muni picture means a Performance, and they respect him. On the other hand, take Tone—Franchot, a fine young actor playing second fiddle to synthetic personalities—now he is really going

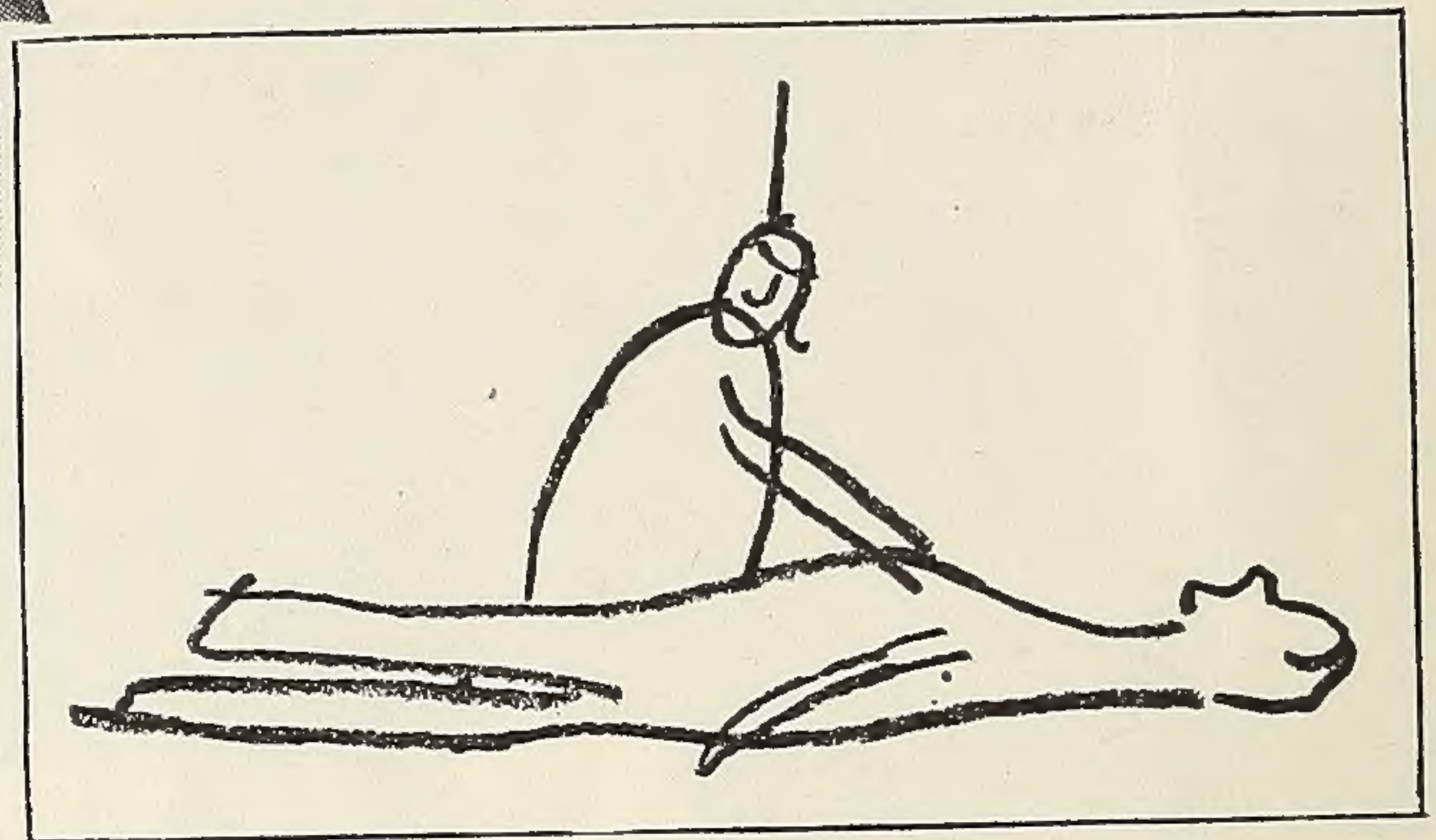
back to Broadway to chew up some strong scenery—I hope, and about time, too.

But you, Mr. Garfield—when I saw you, as Jules, on the stage in the Odets dramas "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing," you were just one member of a splendid acting group, but you stood out for brilliance and integrity. In a more "popular" play, "Having Wonderful Time," you were still fine and true. Meanwhile you had been refusing Hollywood offers—not arrogantly, but because, they said, you felt you had not enough to offer pictures. Eventually you accepted, to play a good part in a good picture. The wild huzzas, extravagant reviews, the interviews and the photographs—all the resultant chi-chi failed to change you. When last heard from you were even regretting the excessive publicity, worrying about how you were going to live up to it, still caring more about good parts than more money, still hoping and planning and dreaming.

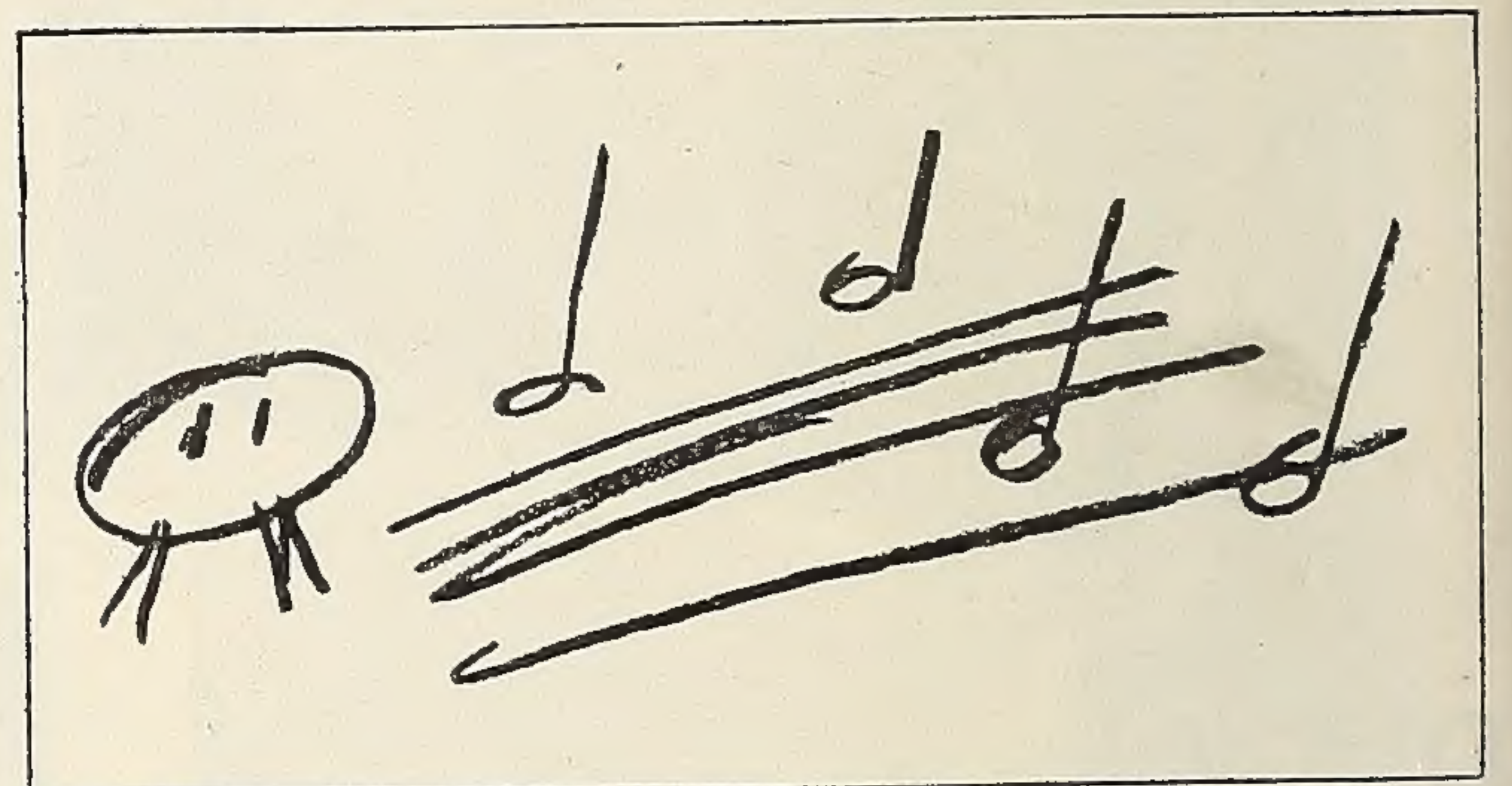
And now how about that bet? Will you take me up on it? You're on your third motion picture. More are planned for you. Warners think they have something there. Broadway must seem pretty far away by now. Or does it? Well, is it a bet? I only hope I lose!

Delight Evans

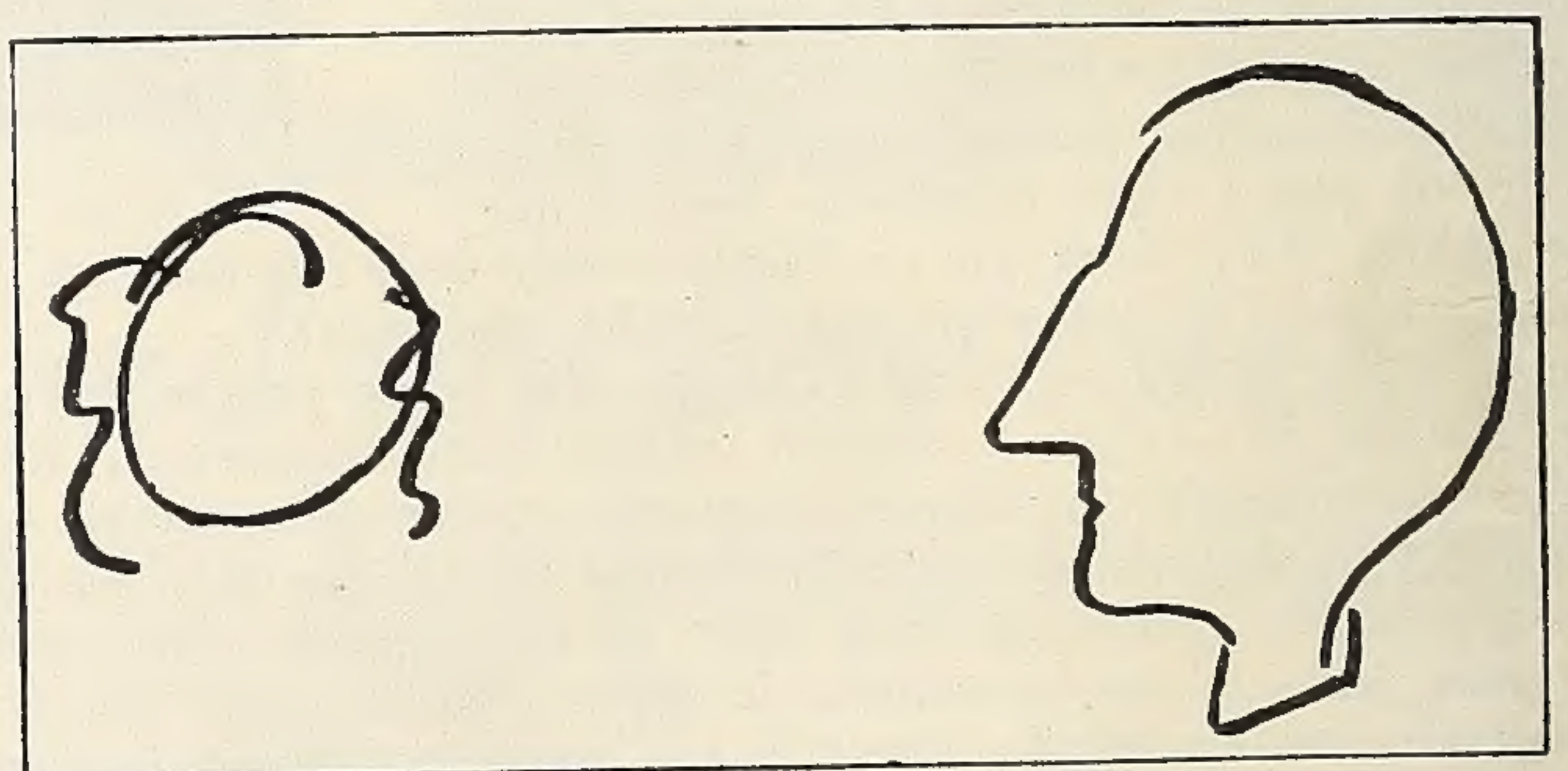
Hollywood Has Fun Playing Cartoons



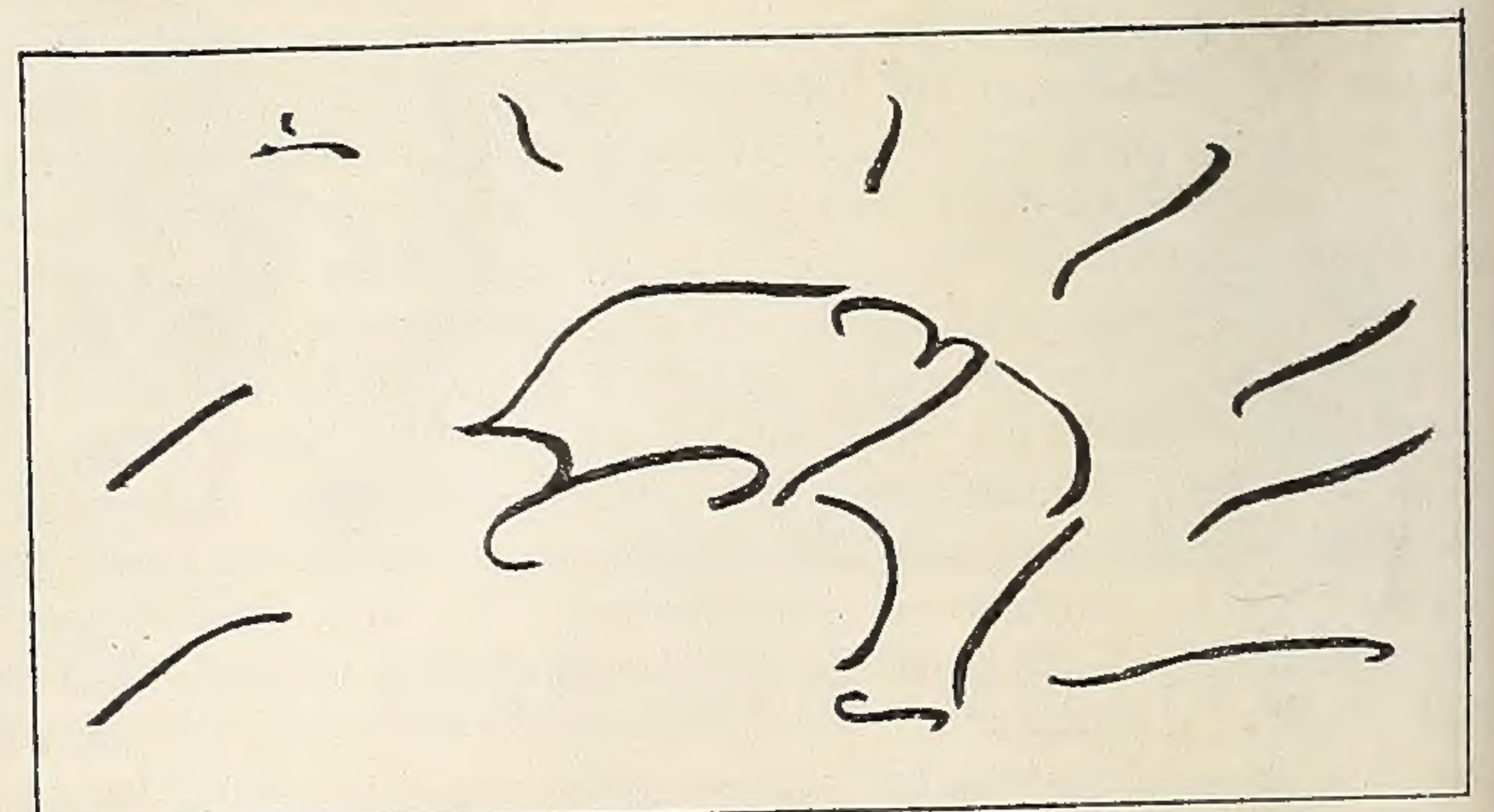
"Pocahontas," by Gene Raymond, left, with Jeanette MacDonald, his wife and fellow "Cartoons" enthusiast.



Bing Crosby, above, drawn by Dick Arlen, at left with team-mates Paula Stone, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey.



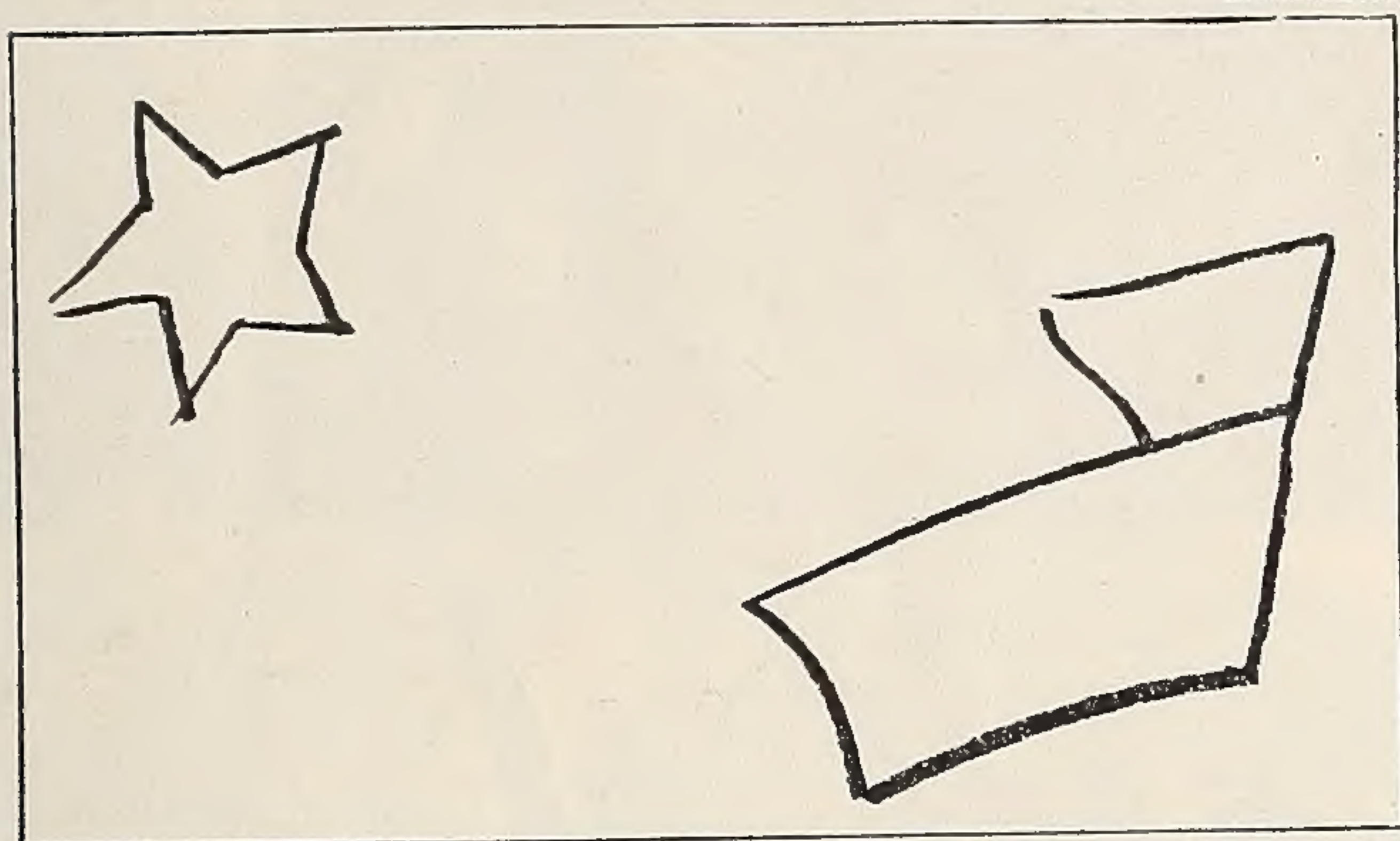
Jeanette MacDonald drew Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore, like this, above. Jimmy Ellison, Buddy Adler, Mrs. Ellison, Elsie MacDonald, left, guessed it.



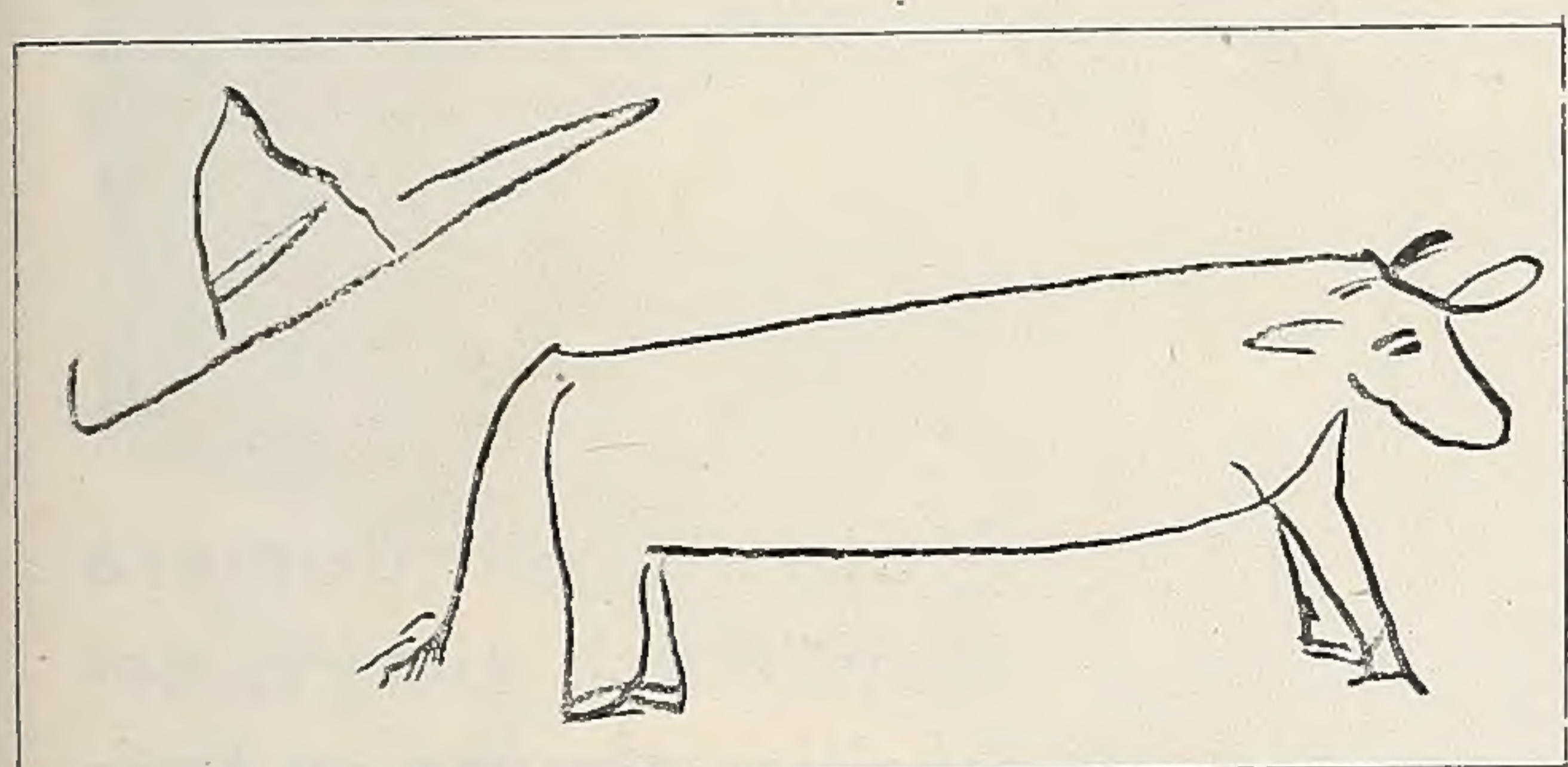
This, above, should be easy for screen fans. It's Gene Raymond, represented by his gleaming blond hair.

HOW YOU PLAY IT: Players are divided into two teams. A captain, acting for both teams, devises the "problems"—title of a play or book, familiar quotation, name of famous person—anything that can be illustrated. One player from each team is given the "problem;" proceeds to illustrate it. His team-mates try to guess precise name, quotation, or whatever problem may be. Team first guessing answer wins. There is a time limit, say five minutes for each problem. Two simple rules are: Players may ask cartoonist questions, such as: "Is it a film title? Man's name?" and so-forth. Cartoonist may answer team-mates questions only with a "yes" or "no."

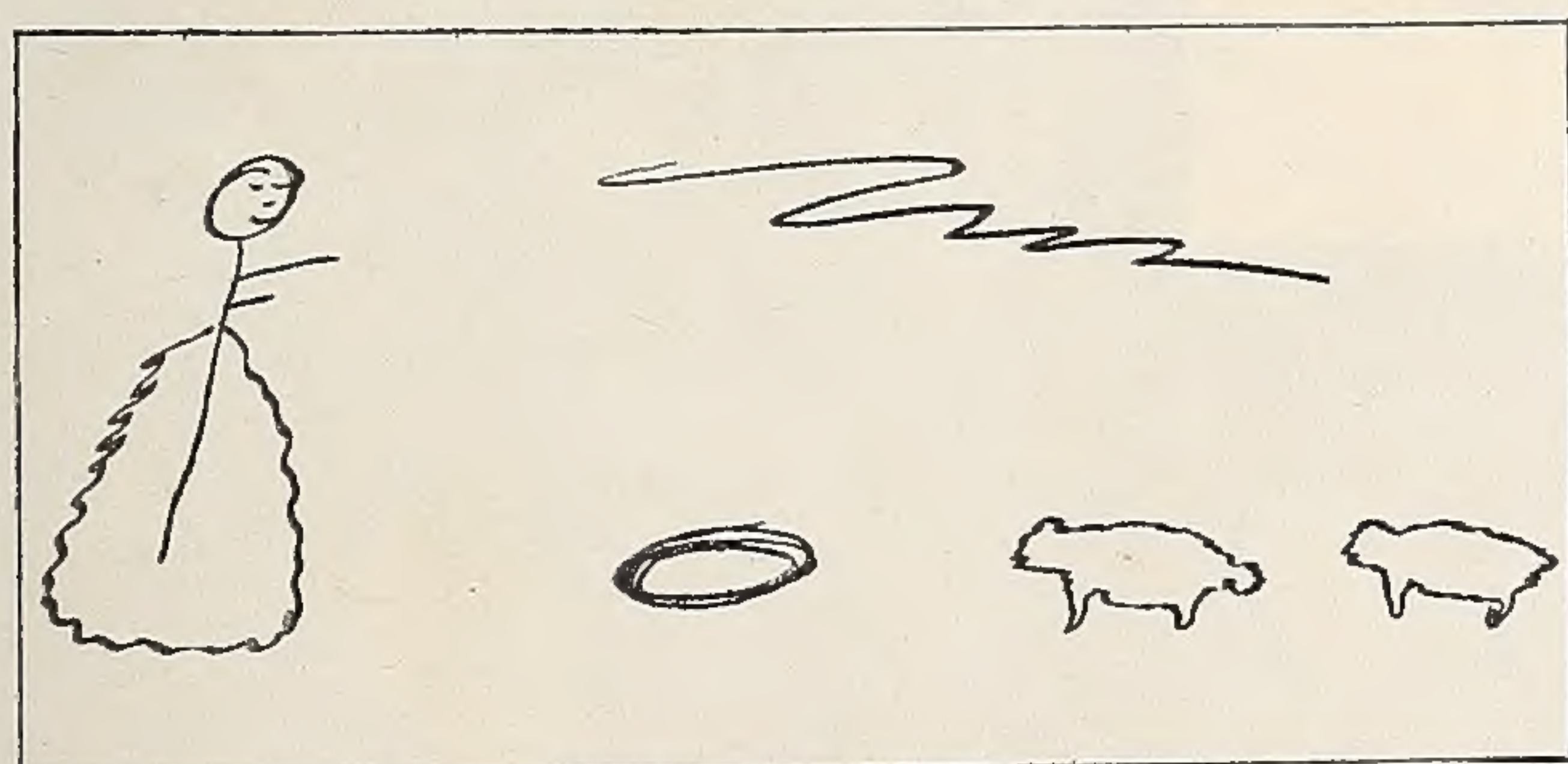
Newest game to become a craze in the glamor colony was invented by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. It takes nimble wits, quick hand—and the results are hilarious. Try it yourself!



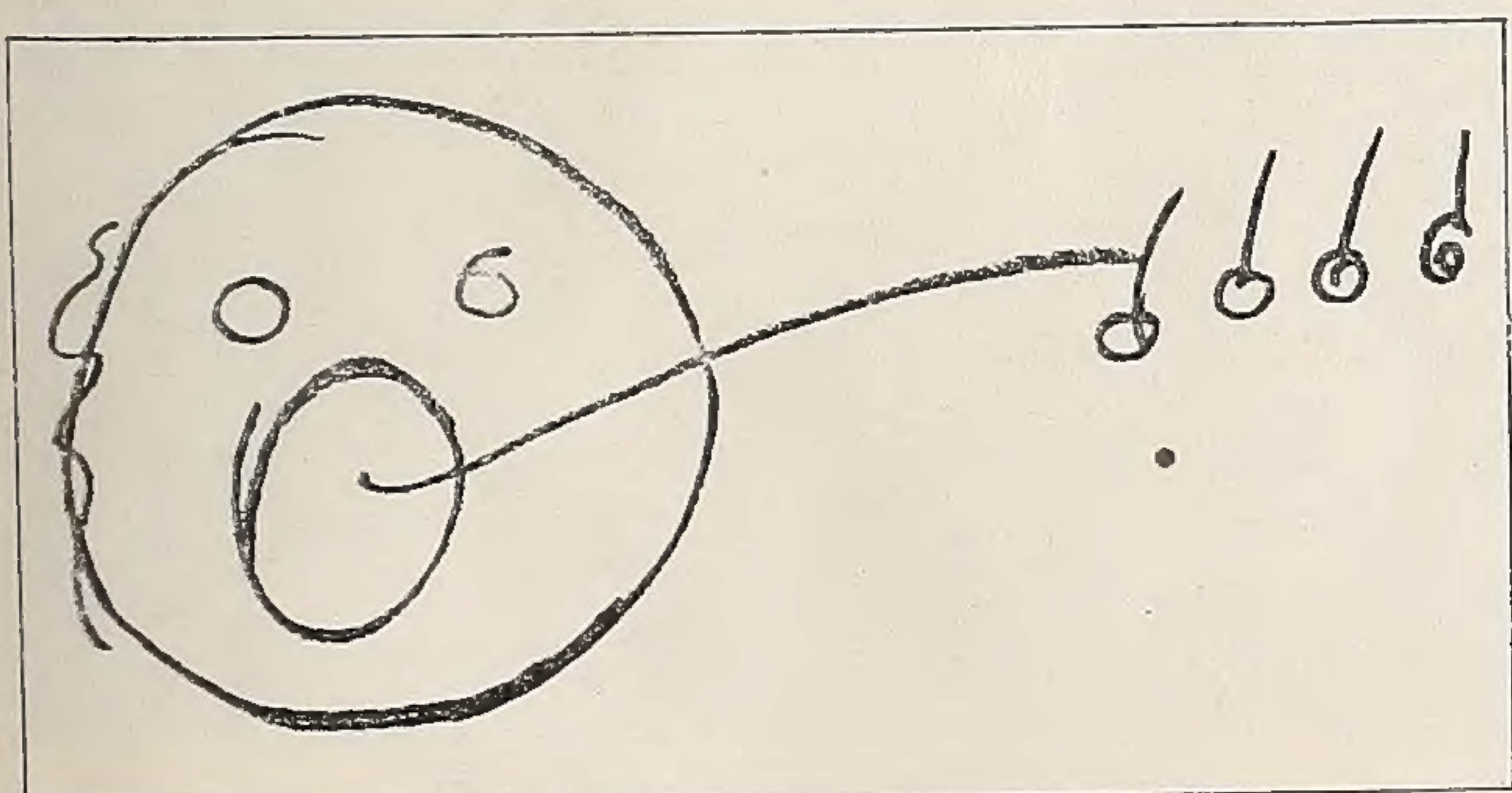
Anita Louise made it easy for her partner Wendy Barrie, with her at right, to guess this: "A Star Is Born."



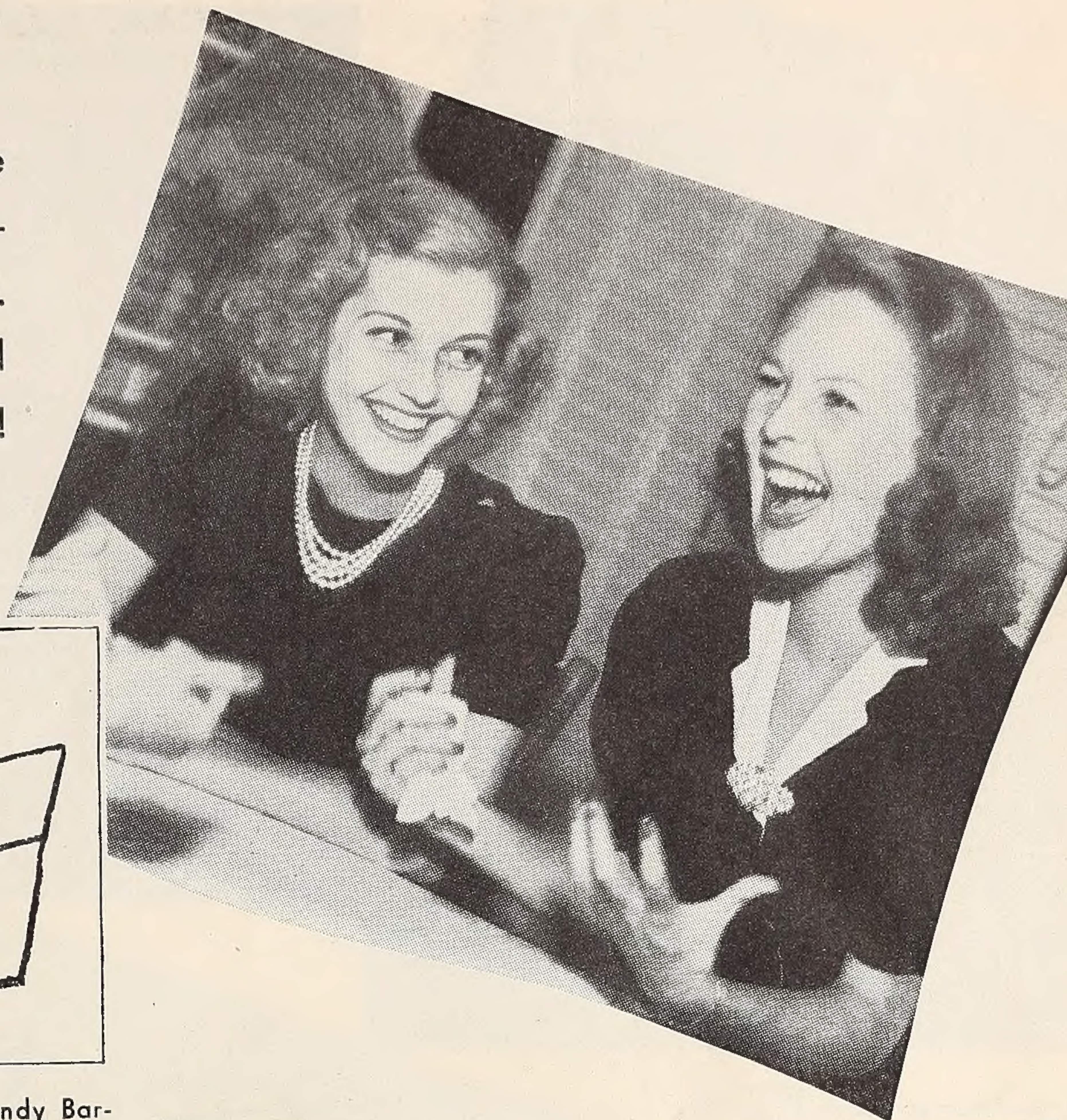
"The Last Round Up," by Allan Jones, puzzles Jeanette, Elizabeth Wilson, Nelson Eddy, Hedda Hopper.



"Little Bo Peep," by Anita Louise, was a cinch for this team—Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Whitney Bourne, Barbara Kent and Don Terry.



And here's Jeanette MacDonald as cartooned by Jeanette herself, and guessed by Mrs. W. S. Van Dyke.



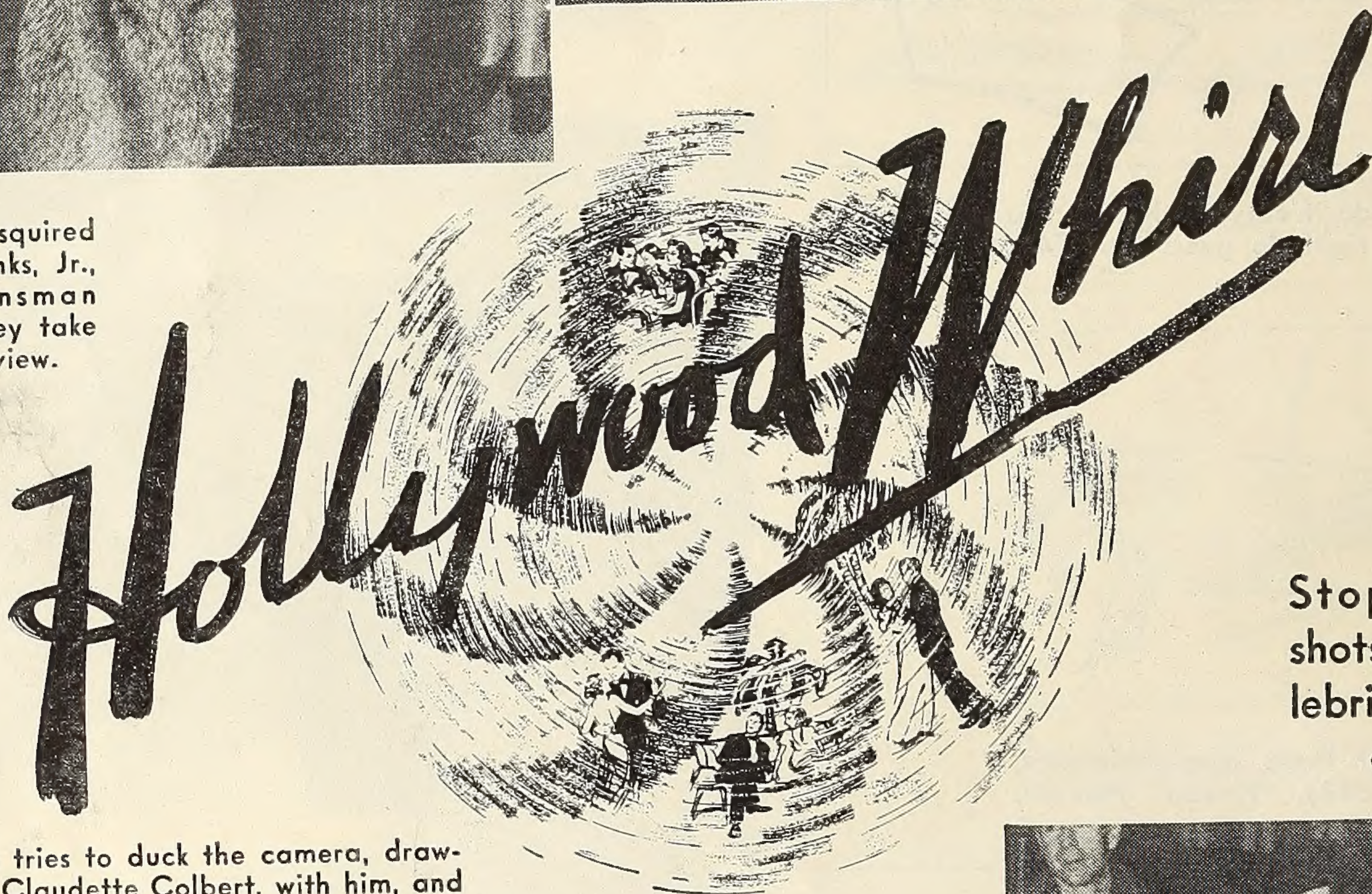
Candid camera shots of a party at the Gene Raymonds, shown on this and opposite page, give you an idea of the fun Hollywood stars have playing "Cartoons."



Norma Shearer squired
by Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,
smiles for Lensman
Weissman as they take
in a film preview.



The President's son
and his wife took in
the sights, met the
stars of Hollywood
on a recent visit.
Above, Mrs. James
Roosevelt, center,
looks back at her
husband, bringing up
the rear, as Joan
Bennett is stopped by
autograph hunters.



Stop-action camera
shots catch cinema ce-
lebrities playing on time
off from acting

Dr. Pressman tries to duck the camera, draw-
ing his wife, Claudette Colbert, with him, and
also drawing an icy stare from the young
lady, right, he accidentally jostles.



Edgar Bergen left Charlie McCarthy at home, but
couldn't be alone with Helen Wood for crowds
that gathered; jovially signed autographs.



Tyrone Power, with Jimmy Ritz at his left, came and applauded Sonja Henie at her Ice Frolics premiere, above. Jack Benny with Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche, at preview of Jack's new film, below.



Joan Bennett is the lady in the trick, chic hat, seen in snap above, as she took her daughter Diana to the Sonja Henie ice show.



Joan Bennett and her escort David Niven make their way through crowds that gathered to see the celebrities who turn out for film previews.



All smiling, above: Tyrone Power takes his mother and Wendy Barrie to a sneak preview at Westwood. Below, Claudette Colbert, David Niven and Mrs. Lou Schreiber at the Ice Frolics.





James Stewart escorts a tall, dark and charming lady in black—Rosalind Russell, recently returned from London where she made a most successful film—M-G-M's "The Citadel."



Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have made up the differences which made Hollywood rumors fly a short time back, and are seen, like this above, as happy companions at many screen colony events. Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, one of the screen's happiest real-life Mr. and Mrs., informally attired, on their way to a picture show.

It was ermine for Joan Crawford, dinner jacket for Randy Scott, who attracted much notice when they attended a theatre together—left below. Rochelle Hudson wore silver fox and smiles as she attended a preview accompanied by Vic Orsatti, agent and Hollywood man-about-town, below.





Loretta Young makes her way through admiring crowds on the arm of Robert Riskin, scenarist extraordinary and producer, above. Loretta, as usual, smartly, glamorously attired.

Surprised, squinting in the sudden flare of the flash-bulb, Allan Jones and his wife, above, walk right into the lens of our news camera as they come to a preview. At right, another popular and devoted Hollywood married couple: J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce make a smiling entrance, aren't the least bit camera-shy.



Husbands and wives. Below, newlyweds, Director William Keighley, and Genevieve Tobin, of stage and screen. The Spencer Tracys come in from the ranch to have dinner at a popular Hollywood restaurant, lower right.



TRUE STORY OF BETTE DAVIS'

Broken Romance

Is the Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson break
another Hollywood marital murder?

By Mayme Ober Peak



"**H**AM AND I HAVE DEFINITELY DECIDED TO TAKE
A VACATION FROM EACH OTHER."

(Signed) Bette Davis.

Characteristically forthright, Bette Davis wired me a
thirteen-word admission which I knew had cost her
dearly to make. An admission she was fighting with her
back against the wall the Hollywood jinx on marriage!

Did these words spell the expected Hollywood un-
happy ending to the story of a college romance
culminating in the marriage of a movie
star and an obscure orchestra leader?

Happy endings are Hollywood's best
box office, but it's love them and
leave them which furnishes the
most exciting drama behind
the screen!

"Ham and I are taking a
vacation from each other,"
confessed the former col-
lege sweetheart—who
not only has achieved
stardom, but is rap-
idly rising to the
position of the
Bernhardt of the
screen. In the win-
ning of a brilliant
Hollywood suc-
cess, had Bette
Davis lost the
love of her hus-
band, Harmon
Nelson?

As I stood
there reading
her telegram,
there flashed
through my
mind a startling
sweeping state-
ment Bette once
made: "Women
with careers should
be shot. The things
career women do to
their men is mur-
der!" Which was the
murderer? Hollywood?
Or Bette's career? Fame,
world-wide success for a
wife in any field crowd out
the intimate hours which be-
long to her husband.

I went to the 'phone and rang
up Bette. We've been friends for
years. I know her too well to stand
on ceremony. "Bette," I said, "what is
the real meaning of your telegram? You
know you can tell me what's at the bottom
of this vacation you and Ham have decided upon."

"No, that wouldn't be fair to either of us now," she declared. "We have a problem to work out. We think we can do it better away from each other. Then, after a little vacation, we'll see how we feel. This isn't something we can decide in a minute or two—it's too important to both of us. Ham has been living away from home for a little while. Today it was found out where he was, so we decided it would be best to admit it."

Honest Bette! I knew a week prior to our talk that "Ham" had packed his bags and gone to stay with a member of his agency firm. I talked to Bette's mother at that time—and she begged me not to write anything about it. "If Bette and Ham are allowed to work out their problem alone, I know it's only a question of time before they are together again," Mrs. Davis told me.

But that isn't Hollywood's way. Whoever heard of working out a problem alone—in Hollywood, news center of the world? One little rumor concerning the movie great and the high winds of public interest have swept it into every corner of the earth. The world demands to know the intimate facts of Hollywood's domestic tragedies.

"You once stated it was your belief that women with careers should be shot—that the things career women do to their men is murder! Do you still feel this way, Bette?"

"Yes, I do," she declared. "But that doesn't necessarily mean a *Hollywood* career."

"I remember you also declared—'a career cannot be a career without marriage. Nor can marriage be a marriage, in the early years, without vacations.'"

"I still believe that," she said quickly. "That's why we are taking this vacation now, to save something which is so worth saving."

"Well, I never knew you to give up anything you wanted without a fight," I remarked.

"You're right," she agreed. "Wish me luck! Good-bye," and she hung up.

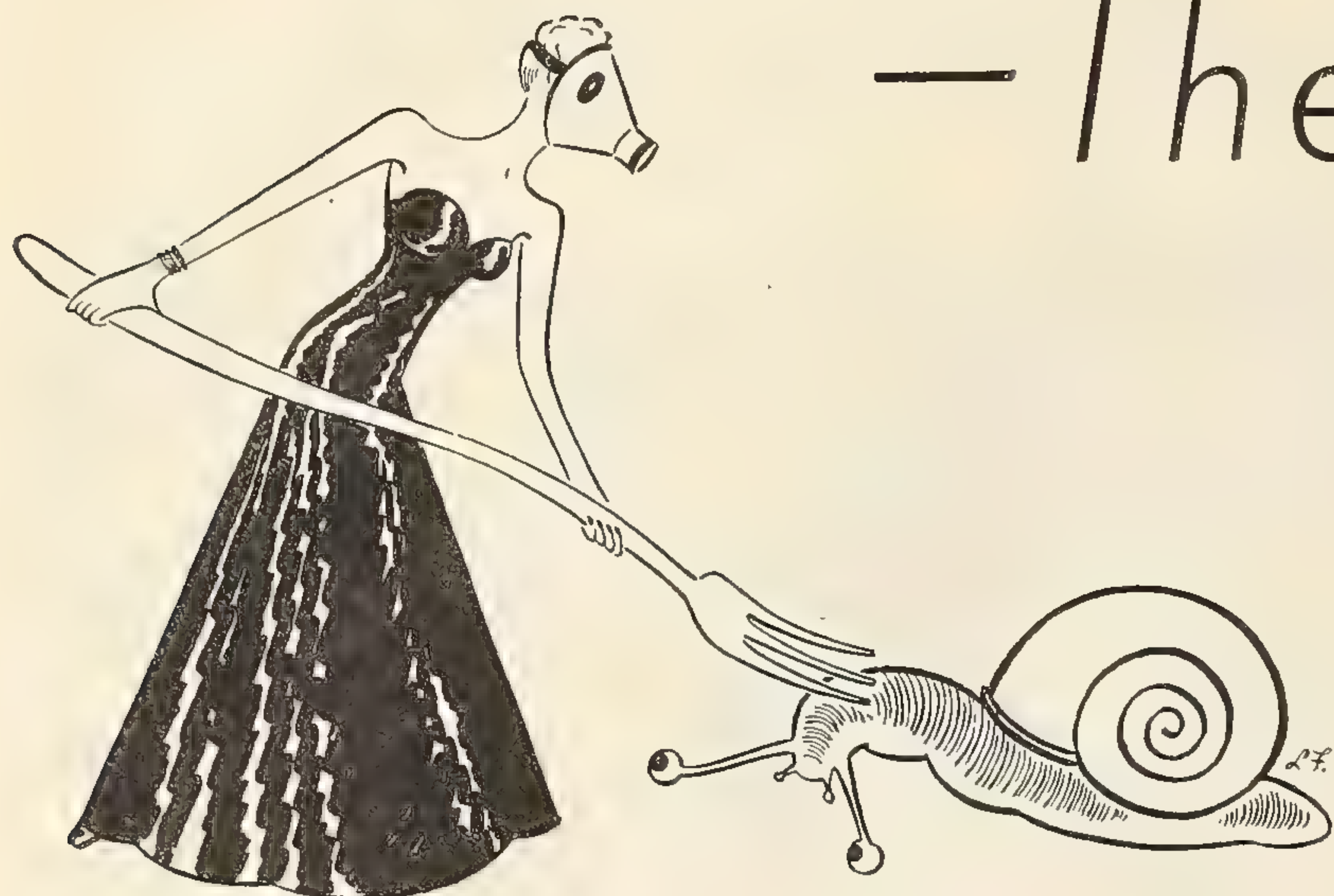
Bette's "wish me luck" held a tell-tale note of wistfulness. *It told me how much she cared and*

how much she hoped!

A week later, Bette Davis, the actress, left behind her the too-pressing worries of Mrs. Harmon Nelson and took up temporary abode in the luxurious bungalow at Warner Bros. studios which Kay Francis had just vacated—there to be able to concentrate on the job of her current picture, "Dark Victory." Ironical title! The fact that she wanted to get away from it all was an acknowledgment that she was fighting a losing fight. Well-authenticated rumor had (*Please turn to page 80*)



We Might As Well Face It —They Smell!



Extra, extra! Read all about the Great Snail-Eating Contest! Hostess, Claudette Colbert. Guests, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon—and Garlic. Don't miss a word of this amusing, and aromatic feature

By Elizabeth Wilson

Drawings by Leonard Frank

WHEN Claudette is killing time between pictures—or rather time is killing Claudette—she becomes slightly unbearable and utterly unpendable. Claudette is the sweetest, most normal person imaginable when surrounded by a director, a camera, a script girl and a make-up box, but Claudette lying abed of a morning with nothing to do is something else again. She simply doesn't take to loafing naturally. She's the working type, a Saturday's child no doubt, and when she can't work at work, she works at loafing. And that's a pity.

There are all kinds of troubles a cinema star can get into between pictures and just give Claudette a month away from the studio with plenty of time on her hands and she can run the gamut. Between "Tovarich" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" she did everything from

redecorating her house to checking the linens and changing the laundryman. And of course we'll never forget that horrible six weeks, between "Maid of Salem" and "I Met Him in Paris," when Miss C. vigorously, albeit a bit insanely, went in for games, candid cameras, and vocal exercises. A trying time indeed for her family and friends.

So when the last day's shooting of "Zaza" went to the cutting room the other day and Mr. Paramount patted Claudette on the head and told her to run along home now and relax until time to start production on "Midnight" we all looked unhappy and wondered what form her loafing would take. We didn't have to wonder long. Claudette decided to give a snail dinner. To stuff herself and her guests with garlic. To stink up Hollywood. Time was when a Glamor Girl was perfectly content to nibble on a bit of lettuce and cottage cheese. But not Glamor Girl Colbert. Glamor Girl Colbert has to have a breath that smells round the world.

It all started the week-end her picture finished when she met Merle Oberon at a party and over plates piled high with roast beef, turkey, and oyster dressing, and



"Escargot chez Colbert" is a dish worthy of true gourmets—we give you Claudette's own recipe in our story, so you can try it for yourself. But when Glamor Girls eat snails there are likely to be reactions, as Merle Oberon, above, and Norma Shearer, right, found out. Claudette, the hostess—far right was "between pictures," so she could eat those snails with delectable garlic sauce—and smile.





Artist Frank's idea of the historic dinner party given by Claudette Colbert, at which snails with garlic sauce provided the *pièce de résistance*. Miss Shearer wished for a clothes-pin, Claudette, true Frenchwoman, was proud and pleased, and Merle Oberon, over there at the right, suddenly remembered her next day's studio date to kiss Gary Cooper.

chicken curry and candied sweet potatoes, Merle happened to mention that she wished she had some snails. "In Paris at Prunier's!" sighed Merle ecstatically. "Claudette, have you ever had snails at Prunier's? Aren't they divine! I wish there was some place in *this* country I could have snails."

Well, Claudette was in one of her see-America-first moods and even though she was a native daughter she wasn't going to let Paris put one over on Hollywood, so she simply upped and invited Merle to a snail dinner *chez* Colbert the following evening. She invited several other people too who were sitting nearby but they merely said, "Snails? You mean those slimy little things? So sorry, darling, I have another engagement." Merle was afraid Claudette might be a little sensitive so she said, "Thank goodness, they can't come. Now we will have more snails for ourselves." Miss Oberon, you must have caught on, is another Glamor Girl who is not content with a bit of lettuce and cottage cheese.

Norma Shearer was sort of an innocent by-stander in this snail orgy. She just happened to invite Claudette to go to the preview of "The Sisters" and Claudette said she'd love to go and wouldn't Norma like to come to dinner first and Norma said yes, she would. "Oh, Norma," Claudette said as she was leaving, "I forgot to tell you. We're having snails." Well, after all, Norma is polite, so she just smiled bravely and said she loved snails, and we still don't know whether she was lying or not. *I'm* not lying, in case you're interested—I *adore* snails. I think it was our mutual divine passion for the slimy creeping mollusk that established my friendship with the Colberts, *mere* and *filles*, some years ago. There are times when I actually suspect myself of being overly sweet and flattering to

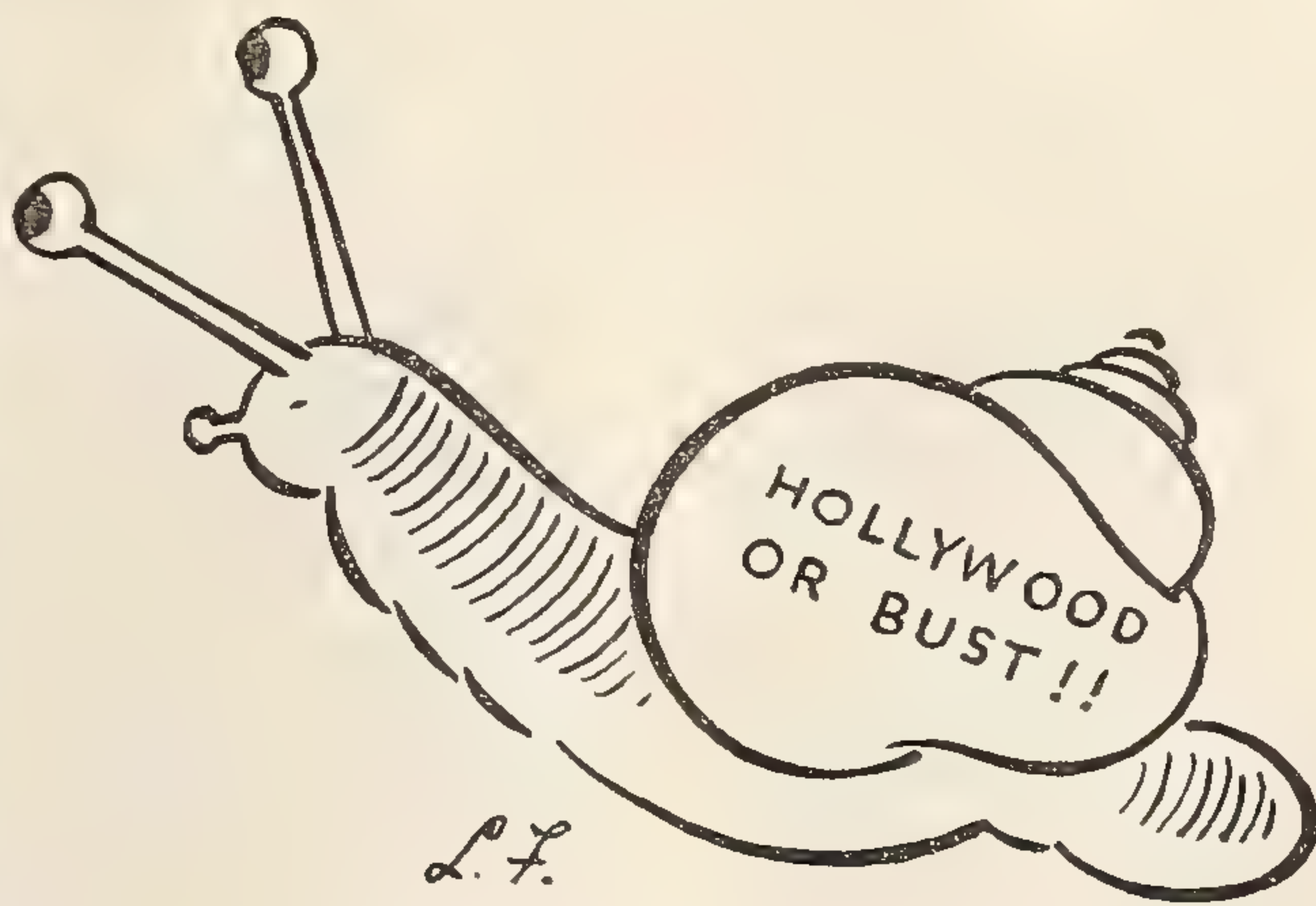
Claudette, just in hopes I'll be invited to eat snails. So as soon as my spies had reported to me that Claudette had invited Merle and Norma to a snail dinner I called up Claudette and unloosed all my Southern Charm on her. Miss C. is not one to be taken in easily by flattery, but there's something about the South that gets her. I got invited.

Until I took up with the Colberts I didn't know much about snails, and I am sure there must be a lot of you who never took up with the Colberts at all and so don't know anything about snails. I hate to have you miss out on anything so good, so I'm going to crack through with the Colbert recipe now, and I can come to dinner most any night you are serving a platter of snails.

The snails the Colberts use, as do the other connoisseurs in Hollywood, are bought at Scarlett's in Beverly Hills, or at Young's in Los Angeles. The snails are bred in the vineyards of Burgundy and Alsace, and after they have eaten their fill of grape leaves (the grapes are made into champagne), they are cooked and canned there in France and sent to America. A box of shells accompanies a can of snails. The reason you can get them only at special stores is

because they are considered delicacies. The smaller cans only have about a dozen in them and are usually priced at a dollar. And a dozen of zee dainty leetle escargots is just a mere appetizer to a snail eater. Just in case you are one of those people who believe in substitutes don't ever think you'll save money by running out in the garden and picking up a few snails in the petunia bed. The garden snail variety is poisonous. For heaven's sake buy a good brand, even if you have to spend more for it.

Snails are served as an entrée at a dinner party and a dry white Bordeaux wine, (*Please turn to page 75*)





Christmas in Hollywood

We picked little Olympe Bradna to show us how a screen star celebrates the holiday season, because Olympe knows the true meaning of Christmas cheer

By Carol King

IN A Monterey house, white with blue trim, set on a steeply terraced hillside, Olympe Bradna is excited about Christmas!

"We are proud of the electric comet up on top of the hill above the house," she beamed, dark eyes brighter than the luminous comet. "We had the comet up there last year too and you could see it miles away. It is beautiful! It is so nice having Christmas in California, because the flowers are blooming, too, and the roses make such a nice trim outside." There are ten standard rose trees marching two and two up the terraced steps, each one loaded with bloom.

"We'll take up the rug in the living room," she indicated the brown frieze rug, in the brown-and-cream toned room, "and put up an enormous silver-tip tree with a star on top. I hate gold and silver and colored trees, they are like something already dead. I want my tree live and green as if it sat in the forest. You know in France we hang our tree with real fruit at Christmas, apples, oranges, nuts wrapped in gold foil, candies that glitter with sugar. Then when guests come, each takes an apple from the tree, lays it on its side—not upright the way an apple would stand—and cuts through, making a wish at the same time. If you cut a star, your wish will come true. Next, you make a new wish and take a nut. If the nut is fresh and good, the wish will come true. In France, often the nut will be dried up or old, but here in California most nuts are good, so maybe the people will all get their wishes!

"The peasants in France hang something on the tree for each animal, too. An apple for the cow, a sardine for the cat. We always have a sausage for Bobby, my dog.

When we had our act with the dogs, they always had a tree for themselves, with sausages for each one. This will be Bobby's twelfth Christmas."

Olympe's dimples came and went. She couldn't sit still. I must come to the dining room at once and see whether it was best to use Santa Claus on the table, or if little trees would be nicer, or maybe the big candle that was used last year. The dining room has tapestry wall paper, the furniture is polished blonde wood, the effect is light so that the little French girl looked dark and vivid against it.

"I was thirteen before I stopped believing in Santa, the Christmas man," she sighed, as she experimented with a jolly red figure. "But maybe it is more fun to pick out presents for people you like than to open the ones you get. Look, this is the big candle. When you light it, perfume comes and the fragrance is wonderful. But the little silver tree—that is the only size tree should be silver—it is nice?"

There are no big parties at Olympe's on Christmas. "We always stay home. Father, mother, myself and two of our oldest friends. So I do not dress up; I wear sports dresses, like this one," she indicated her candy-striped red-and-white dress. "Up to midnight, we must not eat anything but fish, so we have fish for dinner on the 24th, and the five of us pile our presents around the tree. When I was younger, I had to open the presents before dinner, but last year I waited till after dinner. I'm growing up! At midnight we can eat what we please, so last year we didn't go to bed till two o'clock in the morning!

"It is wonderful! Do you know, I do not have to diet any more! I could not eat when I saw you before [SCREENLAND, September 1938], remember? I was sad. But now I have lost fifteen pounds, and that is too much, so I can eat now. Let's have tea. I can eat cookies. It does not matter if I gain two pounds."

She led the way to the patio, a sheltered spot with blue canvas curtains for inclement days, and two walls hung almost solidly with pictures. "The Christmas I remember best of all—except last year—was the Christmas I was six. I wanted a fairy prince and princess so badly, but I did not think I would get them. But there

they were, standing by my tree that year! A prince and princess, *this* high, dressed in brocade, so beautiful! A little page boy, too, to hold the princess' train. I was enchanted. I will always remember them, because I was so happy!

"I tell you what we have for dinner in France—either for Christmas or New Year's, you should have a hare for luck. The other holiday you have turkey. My mother is a grand cook. I am a cookbook cook! I can follow any recipe and it will turn out well, but I have no memory except for lines in pictures, so I can't pick up a bowl and stir in things without looking and have something delicious there.

"For the hare, you make vinegar, with onion, bay leaves and thyme. You soak your hare in this for a day. Then you stripe the hare with bacon and put it in the oven for an hour and a half, basting him with the very hot vinegar. Then you serve it with a special sauce of capers and sour cream. It is good, but it is not so good as turkey.

"In France, we have truffles which are like little potatoes, only black. They grow just under the soil and the wild boars in the forest like them. You take the truffles and slice them and put them just under the skin of the turkey before you roast it. Then you put some truffles in the stuffing. But it is hard to find truffles here. Mother got a little can but they were not as nice as we used to have.

"Mother makes a wonderful stuffing of white bread, lemon juice, a small piece of sausage, mushrooms, and the giblets and heart of the fowl. She uses it for chicken, too, and it is lovely!

"We have cranberries now. But in France, we had an English lord to visit us once, and he asked: 'Where are the cranberries?' when we served turkey. I said: 'What is cranberries?' and he told me in England and America nobody would have turkey without cranberries. So I ran to market but they did not know them. They are nice. I like them.

"We have soup, a nice vegetable soup, maybe, and with the turkey we serve potatoes. Potatoes are lovely! I wish they were not fattening. I must be so careful not to bring back the fifteen pounds.

"I love holidays! I wish you celebrated the first of May the way we do abroad. In France, the flower girls in the markets all have baskets of lilies of the valley on the first of May, and everyone wears a piece in his lapel, or a corsage in her belt, or carries a bouquet. In Sweden they have the maypole dance, too. Look, there are paintings of Christmas in Sweden and the first of May in Sweden!" Above our heads, colorful groups of blonde young men and women romped alternately in snow and

flowers. Olympe sprang up. "You must see what I have for the girls on my picture—'Say It in French.' I am so thrilled with the things I bought!" She darted to her bedroom, a young girl's dream in blue and pale rose, with two-toned maple furniture and a huge circular mirror as background for her dresser. "Soon I am to have an alcove built out where that window is, for my bed so I can shut it off with curtains and have the rest for my sitting room."

She took a dancing step toward the blue-draped bed on which were packages in various stages of wrapping, and began to open them, exhibiting suede, antelope and doeskin bags, petit-point compacts, fine white sweaters, each gift chosen with the thought of the girl who would like it. "Somebody in Canada sent me a sweater!" Olympe exulted. "See! Here it is. Is it not lovely?"



French by birth, United States by adoption, dainty Olympe and her family celebrate Christmas in the real, old-fashioned way. These pictures show the little star personally planning the festivities. At lower right, meet Bobby, the Bradna dog.





Hollywood sheds its glamor
as movie dudes go bronco-
busting at Victorville

BEING the sissy type I never could see why a man wanted to ride a horse that obviously didn't want to be ridden, or wrestle with a steer that was eight times his weight and with horns way out to here. Rodeos I considered first cousin to bull fights and the only bull I could ever feel any fondness for was *Ferdinand*. But that's ancient history now. I have been to my first rodeo and yelled, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" louder than Robert Young and Gene Autry, fairly fell through the grandstand when Jimmy Rogers (Will's boy) roped a mad steer, and ate more hot dogs than Allan Jones who wasn't dieting by any means.

I began to think maybe I had the wrong slant on things. Western last winter when Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor returned from a week-end in Victorville where they attended the annual non-professional rodeo and reported a grand time. Carole had even won a ham at the carnival that followed the rodeo—she proceeded to paste a picture of Clark on the ham and presented it formally to the Nation's Number One Idol. I had spent a dull week-end in the night clubs of Hollywood and hadn't won a thing, so I decided that maybe I was too effete Eastern and was missing out on a lot of fun. Comes the next rodeo at Victorville, I said, I'll be there. And I was. *Yip-ee!*

Victorville, a real Western town in the Mojave desert, about a hundred and ten miles from Hollywood, is the place where movie stars go to see rodeos. The rodeo is an annual event—this is the fifth year for it—and is held for three days in the early winter. So famous has it become that you have to make reservations at the local dude ranches months ahead. Victorville's non-professional rodeo is advertised as "The West's Wildest Cowboy Contest"—and it is. The rodeo was started by Cal Godshall, postmaster and photographer, deputy sheriff Roy Ray, and Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb. Rex Bell, former movie cowboy and husband of Clara Bow, is one of the judges, and on the advisory board are such celebrities as Dick Arlen, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Andy Devine, Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Gene Autry,

Bing Crosby, Dick Foran, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Tex Ritter, William S. Hart, David Manners, Lewis Stone, Death Valley Scotty, and Harold Bell Wright.

And right here, I think, is as good a place as any to tell you that both rodeo (pronounced ro-day-o) and rodeo (pronounced ro-de-o) are correct. The cowboys prefer the latter. And the "j" in Mojave is pronounced like an "h" because of the Spanish influence, and the cowhands make only two syllables out of "coyotes." And real cowboys wear blue-jeans, not woolly chaps. Just thought you'd like to know.

There are two reasons why Victorville gets the movie gang for their rodeos whereas the other California towns don't. The first is because Victorville has long been known as the "Hollywood of the Mojave." Ever since the movies moved to California, 'way back there when Cecil B. DeMille was a young stripling, Victorville has been the choice "location" for Hollywood pictures. In the old days, before sound, every time a picture called for a desert, or a rocky mountain pass, off the company would go to Victorville. There the "Westerns" could get plenty of real cowboys and Indians and horses and cactus for practically nothing, not to mention the most beautiful desert and mountain scenery in the West. Tom Mix never made a picture that he didn't bring picturesque Dead Man's Point into it. Most of the Bill Hart, Bill Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Warner Baxter (when he was making Westerns) pictures were made there. When sound came in, accompanied by drawing room drama, Victorville was sort of forgotten, but what with the revival of interest in Westerns these last two years the place is humming with locations once more. Gene Autry makes many of his pictures there now. Last year Ann Sothorn and Francis Lederer made "My American Wife" just a stone's throw from the sheriff's office, and the scene in "Lost Horizon" where the plane comes down was made a few miles away. So Victorville is rich in movie lore.

The second reason its annual rodeo gets a good play from the movie folk is because Victorville is also known

By

Liza



Victorville's annual rodeo is the big event for film celebrities. They watch for thrills every minute — like Allan Jones, Betty Young, and her husband Bob, top left, opposite page. Shirley Ross, left, makes a hit with a bronc. Clark Gable goes cowboy, right.



as "Hollywood's Hideaway." In the lonely desert that surrounds Victorville can be found some of the best "dude" ranches of the West, and here the stars come to "get away from it all." By the way, Victorville doesn't call them "dude" ranches, they call them "guest" ranches. So what with Victorville being "The Hollywood of the Mojave" and "Hollywood's Hideaway" 'tis little wonder that the movie people jump in their old covered wagons, 1938 models *deluxe*, and drive like mad to the annual rodeo. Saturday and Sunday afternoons are the big days

and most of the movie crowd arrive in time for the Saturday afternoon parade which takes place along about one-thirty, and consists mostly of Harry Carey's Indians in feathers and war paint, Victorville's sheriff and posse in uniform, and Victor McLaglen's Infantry in full regalia. Also in the parade, and taking bows, were Rex Bell and Dick Foran. I heard once that Warner Brothers had trouble keeping Dick on a horse, but it must have been a rumor for Cowboy Foran rode excellently. From my grandstand seat (*Please turn to page 77*)

*SCREENLAND
GLAMOR
SCHOOL*



EDITED BY

Joan Bennett

SCREENLAND Glamor School portraits especially posed by Miss Joan Bennett. Photographed by Robert Coburn, Walter Wanger Productions.



For true chic and original charm, Joan Bennett, star of Walter Wanger's "Trade Winds," shines among Hollywood actresses. Her instinct for style is unerring, her taste exquisite. She is reminiscent of a delicious Eighteenth Century Marquise in her feminine fragility combined with practical good sense. Here, she poses for us in her new personal wardrobe. Opposite page, black chiffon over black taffeta, created by Valenciata: bodice is hand-shirred, skirt has nine yards of chiffon. The mantilla is made of hand-made Spanish convent lace. Above, Miss Bennett's natural, ash-blond hair arranged in "up" coiffure by Carmine. Left, tailored street ensemble by Saks-Fifth Avenue, with white piqué at the throat, topped with tight-veiled turban. Her gloves are white doe-skin, her sandals open-toed.



Velvet bow in her beautifully coiffed blonde hair, silver fox jacket over her evening gown, Joan Bennett, left, adds the soft touch of snowy gardenias. Below, a dream dress of striped grey, blue, and purple taffeta, designed by Saks-Fifth Avenue, Hollywood. The stripes of the bodice are so arranged and tucked that only the dark stripes show, while the skirt stripes are made to fall horizontally, creating much of a horseshoe effect. With this gown Joan prefers an "up-and-down" coiffure. On page opposite, memorable Empire hostess gown, designed by Bernard Newman: black velvet with octagonal, low-cut neckline, bouffant skirt, starched Irish lace bodice and cuffs. Created for Miss Bennett, this gown is sensational even in Hollywood.

*All Photographs for Joan Bennett Glamor School
by Robert Coburn, Walter Wanger Productions.*





JOAN CRAWFORD has been through a nightmare! Behind her return to the screen lies her worst year. Other women were succeeding in love, triumphing in Hollywood. While Fate has been slapping Joan's face—*hard!* That is, you can say that if you believe in Fate. Joan doesn't. Not any more. But for a while she did. When everything she had wanted, all she had fought so fiercely for, went suddenly, crazily *blooey*.

It was a year ago this month that the love which was to have blotted out all the past havoc in her heart began to crumble fast. Franchot Tone, in spite of his good qualities, was not the man for her. But that was only half of her deluge of disaster. As if a complete home upset weren't enough to conceal and contend with somehow, that other defeat Joan dreaded happened, too. Her pictures missed.

How did she meet her personal and professional earthquake? If she had her way, the whole, unhappy chapter would be entirely skipped. She survived, didn't she? But because her second marriage failed, don't brand her emotionally casual. Joan has never been casual about anything or anybody. Terribly ambitious? Comparatively, yes. But what no one has ever pointed out to my satisfaction is the explicit sin in self-improvement. Even those who have been most jealous of her accomplishments have never accused her of conceit. Everyone who knows her realizes she hasn't two cents worth of ego. And chalk this down, *underline* it. Those who have been so confidently stating that her ambition wrecked her marriage to Franchot are all wrong. Emphatically, it didn't. Joan never has let her urge to amount to something interfere with her life as a very human woman.

She has developed the best in her-

self, amazingly. But with all her remarkable determination, her heart rules her head and she feels before she thinks. She isn't philosophical. She wasn't philosophical when she and Franchot started to drift apart. She didn't react like a master mind, either, but like any real woman would in such a spot. Joan became more self-conscious than ever. Nothing that would please or intrigue Franchot was too much trouble. Some minor note had crept in, something had jarred their perfect enjoyment of each other, but she would fix it. She would be so extremely clever. No woman—even a movie star such as Joan—ever learns until it is too late that you can't be clever when you are absolutely in love. Here was no exception. Rules meant nothing in keeping her marriage. Joan was a long time in admitting that a rift, once inexplicably begun, is as inevitable in its end as why two people are drawn irresistibly together in the first place. She tried to

(Please turn to page 66)



Joan, here, at play and at work: find her with Cesar Romero, Bob Young, cast of "The Sign of the Cross," electrician on the set, left, and, above, with Melvyn Douglas and Margaret Sullivan.



How Joan Crawford Faces Her Greatest Crisis

At the crossroads of her career, Joan reviews the past, considers the present, plans for the future. A SCREENLAND Exclusive

By Ben Maddox



Tyrone Power
Power's



Crowded hours on location, as recorded for you by Tyrone Power. The scenes: Pineville, Missouri. The crowds: everywhere. Center left, Tyrone with Nancy Kelly. Left, "Ty" gets writer's cramp, obliging the fans who follow him around town.

August 26th.

WHAT a day. And what a trip! Not my first location trip, but one that promises to be as exciting as the picture I'm going to make. Director Henry King is, like myself, air-minded. We left Hollywood this morning in his streamlined Waco cabin cruiser, one of the swankiest I've ever seen, and here we are, right over the greenswept Ozarks, almost at our destination. All through the trip I couldn't help thinking how lucky I've been with one grand part after the

other during the past year. And now, to top it all, "Jesse James," crammed full of action and romance. My fellow players are just about tops. Henry Fonda is my screen brother, Frank James; Nancy Kelly, a grand girl and a real actress, my screen wife; Randy Scott, the United States Marshall; Jane Darwell, my mother; Brian Donlevy, the landbuyer for the railroad, and all the rest. This location trip promises to be a swell one.

August 27th.

Reached the airport at Neosha, Missouri, yesterday and we roped the plane down to a barbed wire fence. Motored to Pineville, Missouri, where we're going to

Location Diary

Thrills and humor in this intimate record of the filming of "Jesse James"—by the star himself!



"Most exciting scene I ever filmed!" says Tyrone of the train robbery pictured in the stop-action shot in center of these two pages, with the star making a perilous jump. Top, crowds watch filming. Center, "Ty" and "Hank" Fonda.

"shoot" most of the technicolor sequences and spent the night there. Nice country with beautiful unexpected vistas. Met some of Pineville's important people today, grand guys, all of them: Mayor Drumm, Lee Carnell, Sheriff Bone, C. A. Poin-dexter, editor of the Pineville Democrat, and other townsmen and farmers who came by car and wagon to see what changes Hollywood has made to this town. Pineville has a population of 383.

August 28th

Today we looked for living quarters. We have 175 persons in our film (*Please turn to page 71*)



Secrets of Women Revealed by 2 "Zazas"



By
Charles Darnton

Claudette Colbert, today's screen "Zaza," combines with Nazimova to expose the hearts and minds of the the mysterious (to men) sex

IT FAIRLY makes you blink. Dazzled by a seeming illusion, your eyes keep turning from one to the other as they gaze at two stars who shine as one. Radiant in her clear serenity, the first of these flashes through a brilliant scene trailing filmy clouds of glory. Luminous in her midnight glow, the second is fixed in steady contemplation of phenomena long familiar to her. One star of the first magnitude is playing a famed rôle the other played ages ago. Outwardly they are different as day and night. Inwardly they burn with the same fire. It has been kindled by "Zaza." Wrapped in its flame are Claudette Colbert and Alla Nazimova.

What a team of talent! Not that they are acting together. Rather they are thinking together. Their two minds are concentrated on one character. To Miss Colbert it is something new as today. To Mme. Nazimova it is like an old French slipper long since put away, but not forgotten. Back of this notable and unprecedented association lies a bit of human drama far removed yet closely sensed. From his New York sick-bed to which he seems forever doomed a man who remembered did something out of the kindness of his great heart. Edward Sheldon, who won overnight fame with his very first play, "Salvation Nell," written for the unforgettable Mrs. Fiske, heard of the plan to make a Hollywood film production of "Zaza," first brought to American eyes and ears from France by that past master of the stage, David Belasco. Thereupon the beloved invalid wrote the director, George Cukor, that he had seen Rejane, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mimi Aguglia and Mme. Nazimova in the play and that Nazimova was the greatest Zaza of them all. Accordingly, Mr. Sheldon urged

Claudette dramatizes the essentially feminine character of "Zaza" in closeups above, and in a scene with Herbert Marshall, below.



chic she can put on a little cape or hat or scarf and make it look like a million."

You fully agree in this wise estimate as Colbert sweeps toward you from the set, with a style all her own and natural as her charm, deep in her melting eyes, rippling in her liquid smile. But you are puzzled at seeing her hair is light, rather than dark, as you had believed. "My own color, dark brown, had to be changed to pick up the high lights for the camera," is Miss Colbert's simple explanation.

For your part, it makes the contrast between the sunny actress and her dusky mentor, now lazing in canvas set-chairs beside you, all the more striking. Yet there is one thing they have in common. Both these foreign-born actresses came to this country without knowing a word of English. "It really didn't matter with me," lightly remarks Miss Colbert, "as I was brought from Paris to New York when only five. I learned to speak the language almost immediately—children learn so fast. But I must have had an accent, for the other children in school giggled."

You like her at once for her simplicity—no airs, just human. And, as everyone knows, there is no Colbertian accent left. But Nazimova's still is subtly evident. No wonder. You recall that your first talk with the Russian actress was through an interpreter and that it took place in a dingy tenement house down on the East Side in New York, where she was trimming a hat to be worn in a play that very same night.

"Trimming that hat was nothing," poohs Mme. Nazimova. "But that interpreter was something—or somebody. You remember she introduced herself to you as 'Miss Smith?' But do you know who she really was? I can tell you now, though I didn't dare then. 'Miss Smith' was Emma Goldman!"

Miss Colbert's eyes, like your own, widen at mention of that rabid anarchist. But if it's one on her it's two on you, for once you had interviewed the fiery Emma, between mouthfuls of beer and Swiss cheese sandwiches,

in the back-room of a Detroit saloon. Choking now over your abysmal dumbness, you can only mutter you believed that seemingly gentle interpreter to have been the mother of Richard (Please turn to page 70)



Mme. Alla Nazimova, whose characterization of Zaza was a great stage performance, consults with Colbert on the "Zaza" set at Paramount, top of page.

Mr. Cukor to have her aid him in the making of the picture, an altruistic appeal graciously received and acted upon.

And now you hear her say in gaily mocking tone: "I'm called production associate, whatever that is. I don't know what I am supposed to be doing, but I love it and I'm having a helluva good time." Then, soberly, before there is time to be overheard by the lovely object of her praise: "Colbert is just right for the part. *Zaza* is essentially feminine, and so is Colbert. Claudette is French, and that helps, because she is so



Enter the Pet Picture Contest

Send in Your Pet's Picture

Try for the Prize:

Morgan Dennis' Original Portrait
(Reproduced on Opposite Page) Of
Miss Bette Davis And Her Scottie

We will pay \$5.00 for each additional Pet Picture published. Watch for another Pet Picture Contest next month

HERE'S a contest that's different! You'll enjoy it and profit by it if, like your favorite movie stars, you have a pet dog—or cat—and like to take pictures of it for your own amusement and amazement. Hollywood celebrities are never too busy to pose their pets for their own private picture albums, or to pose with them, even as you and I. We're sure you too are proud owner of a lovable dog or other pet whose expressions and antics you have preserved by means of your own camera skill. So we're offering, for the most interesting Pet Picture submitted by a SCREENLAND reader, the original Morgan Dennis portrait of Bette Davis and her Scottie, "Miss Tibbie," reproduced in rotogravure on opposite page so everyone, not only the first prize winner, may enjoy it. Bette, as you know, is Hollywood's foremost champion of four-footed friends, being President of the Tail-Waggers. Morgan Dennis is America's popular artist of dogs, particularly noted for his studies of Scotties but equally famous for his canine studies of all kinds. The winning Pet Picture by a reader will be published in SCREENLAND in an early issue along with a number of other outstanding entries which will be paid for at \$5.00 each. It doesn't matter if your dog isn't a Scottie or a thoroughbred—send in your Pet Pictures

whether of mutts, kittens, or turtles! All entries will be judged for human interest combined with pictorial appeal. Judges will be Miss Bette Davis, Warner Bros.' star, and Mr. Morgan Dennis, the artist.

CONTEST CONDITIONS:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, January 3rd, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Stars with their pets: Shirley Temple and Peke, top. Bette Davis and "Miss Tibbie" on the set with Errol Flynn and "Arno." Don Ameche and the family pet, and, at left, Claudette Colbert with her French poodle.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITYSTATE



BETIE DAVIS AND "MISS TIBBIE"
BY MORGAN DENNIS

Screenland Salutes



Twentieth Century-Fox



Here, most popular child in the world—outside of your own little girl or boy, of course—in two charmingly characteristic and comparatively unposed camera studies, caught on the set of "The Little Princess," the first Shirley Temple Technicolor production.

WORLD-FAMOUS FACES IN ACTION



New Universal Pictures



And here, most amazing and original of the world's great clowns, captured by the cameraman as he tried out a new juggling act. You will be welcoming W. C. Fields in a new film very soon, in which he will tangle with his wooden-head pal, Charlie McCarthy.

Screenland Salutes

NANCY
KELLY

Personification of Pioneer American
Womanhood in "Jesse James"

MADELINE
CARROLL

Representing the Serene Beauty
of Great Britain's Lovely Ladies





*Screenland
Salutes*

LADY OF LURE
DOROTHY
LAMOLIR

MAN
OF
ACTION
CESAR
ROMERO



Gene Kornman
20th Century-Fox

Screenland Salutes

SCREEN EXTREMES

Hollywood adores to present its beauties as unexpectedly as possible. Take Jean Arthur, left, if you like her—all done up in romantic mode and mood. Irene Dunne, top right, embarks on "Love Match" opposite Charles Boyer wearing her maddest hat of beads and feathers. Joan Fontaine, right, is resigned to chic with her pillbox perched on one eye—where's the pert expression to match, Joan? Miss Arthur again, right below, seems as surprised as we are to find herself with that unabashed bird's nest.



Half the fun of Hollywood is its craze for violent contrasts. Here's what we mean



Over here, Hollywood goes all over natural, wholesome, and earthy. Above, Myrna Loy, frank and friendly. Right, Louise Campbell, carefree and comfortable. Below, the peasant influence in garden apparel appeals to Frances Farmer, who sticks to her coronet braids and lets the "up" coiffures pass her by.



Screenland
Salutes

Graybill, M-G-M



ROBERT TAYLOR

Just call him Fightin' Bob! New Taylor film is robust rather than romantic, presents Bob with Wallace Beery in action drama called "Stand Up and Fight." Will Taylor's femme following accept him in still another wallopin' rôle?

ELLEN DREW

Latest lovely to claim professional Hollywood's erratic attention, this vivid young actress has also interested audiences since her glowing performance in "If I Were King." Watch Ellen Drew— for beauty, brains, and "heart."





Hurrell

Screenland Salutes

SISTER ACT

There's a soupçon of Sargent, and a lot of Hollywood Glamor in our portrait, above, of the Lane Sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary. Their radiant good looks, their clean-cut ability to act, dance, sing made them screen favorites in record time, notably in "Four Daughters."

SMOOTH PERFORMER

He's suave, he's sinister, is Humphrey Bogart in those underworld rôles they give him to play. He is also a remarkably able actor, as he proved on the Broadway stage; and some day the studios will "discover" him all over again as a player of power and versatility.





HOLLYWOOD PUZZLERS

What they're wondering and buzzing
about right now, told in pictures!

Has Oberon made a mistake? Glance at lovely picture of Merle; above; then look toward right, where you'll see her with Claudette Colbert as the girls were off to the big party given for the President's son, James Roosevelt, and his wife during their Hollywood visit. Question: does the "up" hair-do do anything for our Merle? We'd say no! Now, look at right across the page—how did Virginia Bruce get that black eye? My dears, Melvyn Douglas did it—but only for a scene in "There's That Woman Again," Columbia's new comedy. At far right, Mrs. Irene Castle, storm center of Hollywood at the moment. She's there to give advice on the filming of "The Castles," story of her dancing career; but Ginger Rogers, star of the picture, doesn't always see eye to eye with Irene—for example, why should Ginger sacrifice her long bob to adopt the shorter Castle cut? We're asking you! At top of page, Carole Lombard bathes a baby. What, is giddy, glamorous Carole going domestic? Oh, it's all for her new picture, "Made for Each Other," with Jimmy Stewart—shown looking on while Carole carefully handles the infant, and, top right, meets the tot who plays that same baby later.







Photograph by Malcolm Bulloch

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson in Paramount's "The Last Ride"



HER YEAR of EXILE

Ann Sothern reveals
her hopes and heart-
aches of past twelve
months as she re-
turns to the screen

By Jerry Asher

BEHIND the story of Ann Sothern's temporary retirement from the screen, there is real-life drama that could only happen in Hollywood. It concerns a girl who was intelligent enough to realize she was heading for oblivion and courageous enough to gamble everything on the chance of redeeming herself.

Rather than sink deeper into a rut, Ann Sothern voluntarily retired from the screen. Determined to get a fresh perspective on herself and live down a series of bad pictures, she went into a self-imposed exile. Securing her release from the studio, she shut herself away from the world. Other studios made offers. But Ann was determined to rid herself of a lethargic attitude that could only end disastrously.

Twelve months have passed since Ann made her last picture. Now she is back on the screen again. It is a new Ann who is going to do the best work of her career. It is an enthusiastic reincarnation of the breezy, lovable Harriette Lake, who first came to Hollywood and charmed all those who crossed her path. Ann has regained the confidence, the poise and the determination she lost when she became so discouraged at the rôles given her. During that long year of seclusion, Ann ran the gamut of hopes and fears. Was she wise in remaining off the screen for such a long time? Would people remember her? Would her fans remain loyal? Hundreds of letters poured in asking what had become of her. When driving down Sunset Boulevard, Ann experienced the thrill of having people shout out from passing cars,

"Where have you been? Why aren't you on the screen?" Coming from total strangers, this demonstration helped to preserve Ann's faith. Living expenses and obligations assumed while she was under contract, had to be met. It was a terrific price to pay. But Ann stuck tenaciously to her bargain with herself.

"I was as much to blame as anyone else," Ann admits honestly. "But I always hoped that conditions would right themselves and I would be allowed to do good work again. I made seven pictures in one year. They were cheap productions, made in limited time. I was under contract. There wasn't much money being spent right then. So it was up to me to make the best of it or walk out. I hate feuds and I hate making enemies. I did ask for my release but couldn't get it. So I hung on and prayed.

"Being concerned about my future and unhappy in my limited rôles, I grew careless and indifferent about everything. I didn't realize it at first. I allowed myself to gain weight. Because I had so little to do, I was too discouraged to try at all. I finally lost interest in my clothes, my publicity, and everything pertaining to my work in general. I've always taken great pride in everything concerning my career. But I was just too miserable to see what was happening.

"It was an Open Letter by DELIGHT EVANS in SCREENLAND that helped to bring me to my senses. That letter was filled with truth and I was deeply grateful for being taken to task. I used (*Please turn to page 76*)



THE CITADEL—M-G-M



POWERFUL drama, "The Citadel" provides the most poignant picture fare of this month's offerings. Faithfully translated from the A. J. Cronin novel, it presents a fine and thoughtful portrait of an idealist, his temptations and his triumphs. It is noteworthy, too, as the vehicle for Robert Donat's return to the screen, and it is pleasant to report that Donat has never given a more satisfying performance. There are rôles, such as *Andrew* in "The Citadel," which demand Donat to play them, and as you watch his splendid and searching interpretation you realize that for sensitivity and intelligence this actor has no equal in pictures. He plays, here, a young doctor of high ideals who begins his career with a burning determination to aid humanity. But his faith falters and he compromises, listens to the lure of easy gold, until a personal catastrophe forces him back to his early ethics. Donat has sincere support from Rosalind Russell playing his sympathetic wife—she is the only American in the cast, by the way—and from Ralph Richardson and every other member of the distinguished British acting company. "The Citadel," M-G-M's second British-made production, is a huge credit to all concerned in its making.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners



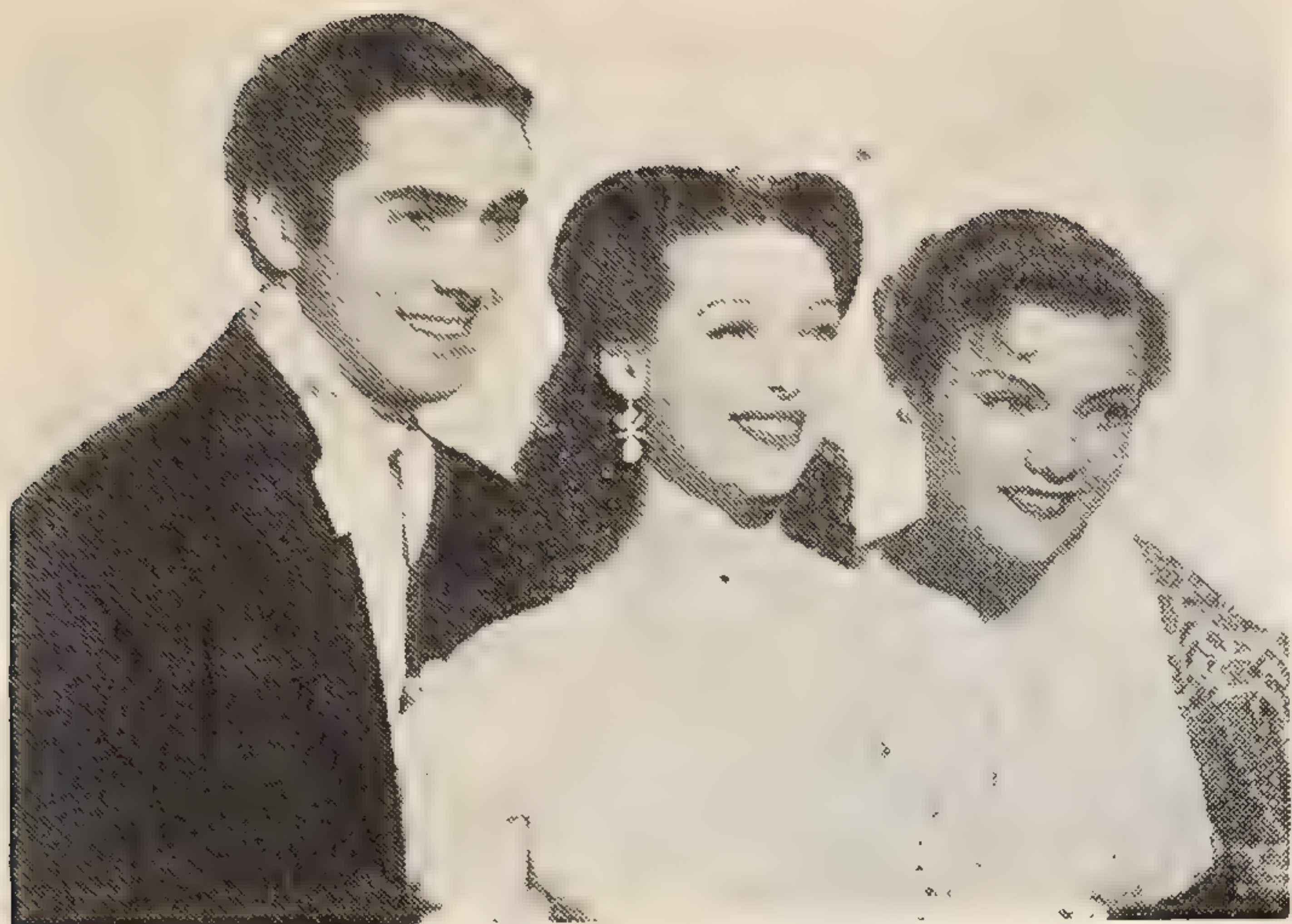
IF YOU enjoyed "The Public Enemy," "Dead End," and "Boys Town," you'll want to see "Angels With Dirty Faces." It combines the most colorful features of the best films of its genre and adds a few fresh thrills to leave you limp and gasping. As far as I'm concerned, here's the last shot on the subject, and I won't want to be meeting those "Dead End" Kids again too soon. They are colossal, I grant you, in "Angels with Dirty Faces," they are outrageous, fierce, and funny; but after this I'll stick to Shirley Temple. For picture-goers with strong stomachs this drama of boys on the down-grade will probably be the Film of the Month. After a slow start, every scene sizzles as Jimmy Cagney pursues a life of crime and becomes the idol of neighborhood kids despite all that Jimmy's old pal, now a priest, can do to prove that crime doesn't pay. It's Cagney's best performance in a long time, and Pat O'Brien provides real competition with a fine and restrained portrayal of the priest. The ending, in which Cagney walks that last mile while the priest prays for him to die yellow to disillusion the worshipping kids, is genuinely gripping. Ann Sheridan fails to smoulder much as Cagney's girl.



MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount



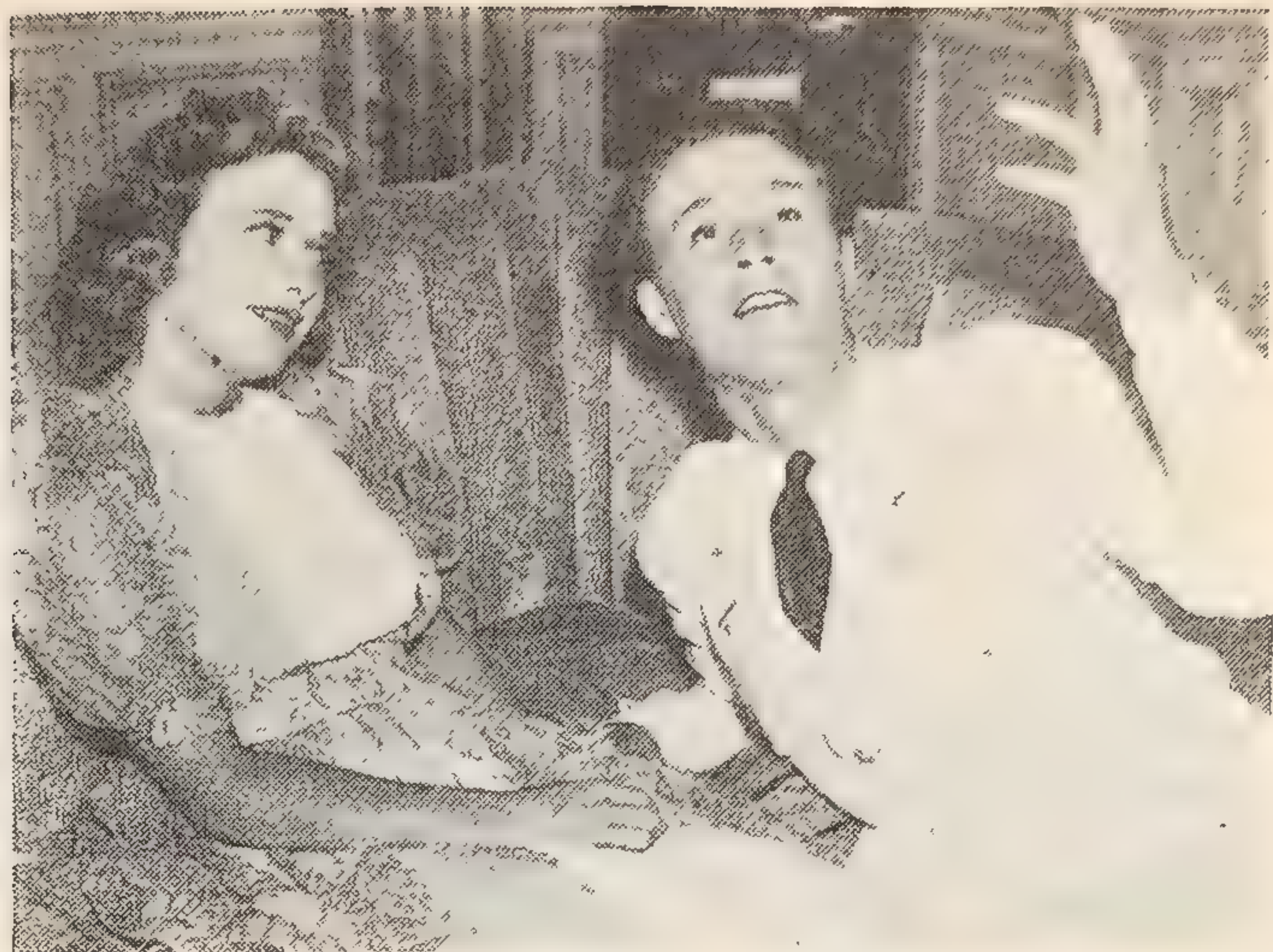
EPIC of the air, superbly produced with sweep and spirit, all in technicolor and crammed with action, "Men With Wings" is an important picture which is also a grand show. Concerned with recording the development of aviation from Kitty Hawk, N. C., in 1903 right up to date, 1938, it might have cracked-up from too much of a story load; instead, it soars, thanks to a warmly human story and the dashing direction of William Wellman, himself a pilot of skill and daring. The flight scenes are probably the finest ever filmed, many of them topping even "Test Pilot." Pictorially magnificent, the sky scenes also have dramatic power to thrill you, and even if you were never air-minded you will come out of the theatre on wings. The tragedies as well as the great glories of aviation are not glossed over, making this a cavalcade of integrity and permanence. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, and Louise Campbell are a stunning trio in the principal rôles—Fred playing a Gablesque daredevil, Ray his faithful friend, Louise the girl in both their cases. Married to Fred, a flying fool, she is an air-widow waiting always for a returning plane, with Milland's steady devotion waiting too. Miss Campbell has authentic charm.



SUEZ—Twentieth Century-Fox



A BIG picture—but BEEG! Not, alas, a truly exciting show, however. When is Hollywood going to wake up and realize that in these dramatic days the world can't work itself into a lather over a heavy costume picture glorifying dead-and-gone personages? The world, the feminine world anyway, can doubtless work itself into a lather over Tyrone Power, and like it; but even that fascinating lad is getting to be a bit of a bore parading in ponderous period pieces like this one. His charming boyishness and romantic appeal are not the best equipment for making us believe in *De Lesseps* and his adventures plotting the Suez Canal amid intrigue, sand-storms, and French court politics. Somehow it fails to matter very much that Loretta Young as the Empress Eugenie sighs for him, or even that hoydenish Annabella dies for him. I would like to rave about the little Gallic girl in this one, but I can't. She makes such a determined effort to be enchanting that she wore me out watching her. You'll doubtless flock to see "Suez" because of its spectacular scenes, of which the sand-storm is really terrific, and because of Mr. Power. But maybe you'll come away thinking, with me, that "Jesse James" had better be good.



BROTHER RAT—Warners



BEST movie fun of the month, "Brother Rat" is gay, young, wholesome, spontaneous. You can't ask much more than that of any picture, can you? For once a film about young people seems to capture completely their fresh charm and unselfconsciousness. "Brother Rat" is never smarty, always engaging as it records the escapades and innocent amours of the lads at V. M. I.—Virginia Military Institute, dope. The picture is an elaboration of George Abbott's stage play which ran and ran and ran—but it never loses the zest of the original—thanks partly to one member of the original cast, Eddie Albert, who pretty nearly steals the show in the funniest rôle written in many seasons. Eddie has more troubles than his two pals, Wayne Morris and Ronald Reagan, and that's plenty. The boys romance with Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, and Jane Bryan, under difficulties that assume hilarious proportions, particularly for Eddie. This picture forces me to conclude that when I picked young Wayne Morris, some time back, as the great white hope of the cinema I was a trifle hasty. He is not *that* good. Priscilla Lane, however, proves here she is even better than we all hoped—she's going places and she's in a hurry.



THE YOUNG IN HEART—Selznick-United Artists



COMPLETELY enchanting picture! You will relish every minute of it or I will be heartily ashamed of you. I think it is the most endearing film of the season, being charming without coyness, whimsical without whimsy, if you understand me. A tender, touching story to start with, it emerges with surprising strength and vigor—and when I add that it's about a little old lady but never cute, you will probably call me a liar—all right, see the picture, that's all. David Selznick shows vision and imagination when he makes a picture like this, and intelligence when he calls in Richard Wallace to direct, and Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Minnie Dupree to act it. The producer wanted Maude Adams, you may remember, for the little old lady rôle; he didn't get her, but he got Miss Dupree instead; and I don't see how even Maude Adams could have been any better. As the gentle old heroine entangled with a charming but questionable family, who "reforms" them and makes them like it, Miss Dupree is heartwarming; you'll love her. Right up there with her for scintillating performance are Janet Gaynor, young Doug, dashing, gay Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke.



THE STORY OF A CHEAT—Sascha Guitry



ANOTHER novelty from France, where they seem to know the secret of making entertaining motion pictures. If you see this one billed anywhere in your neighborhood, better go see it, for it's a crisp and refreshing film, witty and stimulating, and so very different from our Hollywood products that you'd hardly know it sprang from the same medium. Sascha Guitry, one of France's most famous actors, conceived this provocative piece, plays the principal part, and delivers a clever monologue through most of the action except when on rare occasions he permits one of the other actors to speak. Sounds strange, but it works well, and as edited by John Erskine is completely intelligible even though you don't understand a word of French. With eloquence, imagination, and yes—with gestures, M. Guitry conducts his little experiment in psychology, tracing with good-humored cynicism and many a sardonic shrug the career, from boyhood to old age, of an unwilling cheat. Of course Guitry himself is superb, and equally of course his supporting cast is perfect, with the inimitable irony and finesse of which the French actor is the world's master. I recommend "The Story of a Cheat" as a spicy cinema tonic.

Great

By

Elizabeth Benneche

Petersen

We are proud to present authoritative studies of women behind careers that are a vital part of Hollywood today. Watch for the next in this great series



NOT content with having the world for their oyster, the women of today seem to have an uncanny way of finding the pearl in that oyster as well. Greatness no longer is man's prerogative. Women are winning their own laurels and doing very well too, thank you!

It would be difficult to make a list of the world's ten greatest women today just as it is difficult to make a list of the great women of Hollywood. But there are two names that should be included in the world's list as well as in the Hollywood honor roll. There is Mary Pickford, of course, our first lady of the screen; and there is Frances Marion.

For years she has remained consistently the highest paid scenario writer in the world. The first to make big money in screen writing, Frances Marion paved the way for the present income tax bracket for Hollywood writers who have her to thank for their surtaxes today. It's over twenty years now since she revolutionized the technique of scenario writing and she still leads the way. It's twenty years since she set the movie world back on its heels writing all of Mary Pickford's biggest successes. Today she has set the publishing world agog with her text book on scenario writing. For a book on screen writing by Frances Marion is invaluable to aspiring writers for the screen. After all, she made most of the rules screen writers are following today.

The world knows of her greatness through her achievements. Her friends know of her greatness in all the little things that have made her a success as a human being too. Gay and witty and utterly charming, Frances Marion is as feminine as tomorrow's hat. But don't let that fool



Most successful woman writer of motion pictures is witty, charming Frances Marion, above, author of many of your favorite screen stories. On opposite page, the beautiful home her movie earnings built for her.

Women of Motion Pictures

Second in SCREENLAND'S series personalizing notable feminine careers of the cinema: Frances Marion, Hollywood's highest paid woman scenario writer



you. Her brain is as clear and hard-thinking as a banker's. It is that combination of her personality and her brain that has always made her pictures Box-Office Plus. Producers relax when she is doing the scripts for their million dollar properties.

She looks like the kind of woman who has nothing more important to think of than an appointment at the couturiere's, yet you can bet next week's salary right on the line that her head is whizzing with the details of turning the last Broadway hit or best selling novel into an Academy Award winner. The coveted gold Oscars are no novelty to her. You find them all over her home nonchalantly serving as door stops. She takes her work seriously and her success lightly. Yesterday it was "Humoresque" and "Anna Christie" and "Min and Bill" and "Emma" and "The Champ" that were gathering laurels for her. Today she is preparing the scenario for

M-G-M's production of Myron Brinig's best seller, "May Flavin."

She never seems to be working, yet she works harder than anyone I've ever known. When I first met her I thought she must do it with mirrors. Today I know differently. Much against my will she's practically convinced me that you have to work to get anywhere. For as if Hollywood doesn't keep her busy enough she turns out a novel practically every year. Her latest book, "Portrait of a Certain Woman," will be out in February and her text book was published a few months ago.

Probably no text book ever written has had so many advance orders as her "How To Write And Sell Film Stories." Already in its third printing the publishers are hard put to keep up with the demand, and universities and writing courses all over the country are using it. The book is the accumulation of years of experience and it was written for serious students of screen technique. She feels the need for such a text book is stronger than ever now that producers are buying so many original stories. For of course that (*Please turn to page 78*)



"I Hope Somebody Will Give Me.."

A prize! Eastman Kodak Bantam f. 4.5. Swift lens; full color pictures size of the camera.

Joan Bennett's ideas of gifts divine are Arden's travel case de luxe, Blue Grass perfume and bath beauties still unwrapped.



Left, Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, in a Christmasy package, means hand beauty for months to come. Below, is Coty's Paris "Opera" boudoir set, a whisper of that bewitching city. It contains perfume, powder, talc and toilet water, magnificently boxed.



Left, on a satin-lined tray, rests Lady Esther's famous cream, powder, rouge and matching lipstick. Below, Sky Tourist manicure set by Glazo, with essentials for lovely nails. Ideal for travel or for home use. Grand for the business girl's desk, too.



Trilogy in Lentheric's fragrant Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai, in a lovely gift box; and bird cages of beauty by Helena Rubinstein. Something to get excited about, these snowy cages with huge bows. On shining beds of cellophane, they hold lovelies for bath and you.

These typical gifts mirror the secret hopes of many. More beauty, more fun, more fashion. All for a Merry Christmas!

At right, is Revlon's double-duty manicure case. Remove that insert, which flattens out for dressing-table, and you have a handsome calfskin hand-bag. In black, tan, navy. Below, Caron's ecstasies in perfume—Nuit de Noël, Bel-lodgia and Tabac Blond, big or little.

By
Courtenay
Marvin



Hudnut's Marvelous eye-matched make-up kit, convenient, complete. Right, Bathasweet in holiday dress. Below, aristocrats in eau de Cologne—4711's Tosca, Troika and Geranium Rose—for our varying moods.



Paradise for letter-writers! Eaton's fine letter papers. Four sizes in left box for every social need. Right, paper and "thank you" notes in a petit point design box. Vigny's snow-frosted tree, in red, blue or green, conceals a trio of Golliwogg, Heure Intime and Guili Guili. The box is silver; the perfume a surprise!

Rosemary Lane wanted Max Factor's pungent three-some of parfum cologne in Coconut Grove and Trocadero, plus talcum. Evening in Paris looks like a gift of the Magi! A treasure of a box holds powder, lipstick, perfume and a vanity.



More gifts
on Page 79

"IF YOU have a hobby, ride it alone," recommended Alan Mowbray. "I don't believe we should inflict our enthusiasms on other people. A young friend of mine came over from England and caught this candid camera craze and made a perfect nuisance of himself. He was constantly asking someone to move over here, to hold it a second, to walk this way, to stand still, to stop doing this, or to do that. He had to fuss around getting correct backgrounds, seeing that somebody's head was against a contrasting wall or skyline, making groups balance, and so on. We were all fed up to the teeth with him.

"I have the same hobby, but I will not torment my friends with it. I think if you take pictures, you should first learn all about your camera, find out how to focus, what speed to use for different subjects, how to get desired effects, and exactly what it is you want to do. Practice on scenery or animals or something until you really know, and then turn on your friends. They won't have to stand in the sun, or wait around, being bored silly while you make up your mind about lighting and so on. You can slip up and shoot without any fuss, if you'll only master your subject first. There's no point in becoming

"Click, and You've Got Something!"

Star comedian Alan Mowbray, whose hobby is photography, gives good advice to camera fans



Seven years ago, when his daughter was born, Alan developed the camera craze, with the girl as his pet subjects. Above: at the piano and by the fireside. Left, the smile Alan clicked when Eddie Cantor made her laugh. Lower right, another snapshot. Right, Alan focuses on Norman MacLeod.

By
Ruth Tildesley





"If your hobby is cameras, you should learn how to work them, so you can shoot without any fuss," Mr. Mowbray thinks—and many will agree with him on that. Left above, another one of many of the Mowbray pictures of his daughter, and, left, the girl and her brother, Alan's three-and-a-half year old son.

an unmitigated nuisance when you ride your hobby."

We were on the set of "Topper Takes a Trip," and in the distance gorgeously gowned girls and men in tails and dinner suits were moving down a stairway, entering a dining room, sitting at tables, rising to dance.

"If you shot a scene like that, it wouldn't bother anyone, of course, because the only camera that counts here is the one on the 'dolly' at this moment, so you'd have time to do your fussing without annoying people. But that sort of thing wouldn't interest me. I take pictures merely for a record. I got the craze when my daughter was born. Now she is seven and her brother is three and a half, and I have records of every important event in their lives."

He smiled, the familiar smile of the fond father, and opened a bulky envelope. Pictures spilled out on my lap, pictures of a fair-haired little girl at various stages of babyhood and childhood, in preponderance. "These are my children," he said, proudly, ruffling through the stills. "They haven't begun to pose yet, but I don't give them the chance. I simply slip up on them, decide what I want, call to them and go *click*. I've been offered considerable money if I'd permit advertisers to use one of their pictures for baby food or soap or something, but I turned it down. I don't need the money, thank God, and to my mind the less seen of little movie children the better.

"Mostly, I shoot outside. It's less annoying, for all I do is walk about till I see what I want and then quietly

shoot. I don't go in for backgrounds, because my interest is in my subject and the background is just a blur. When I make them inside, I use two lamps, one fairly high, the other coming in from the side. That's usually flattering as it takes care of double chins and so on. I use a piece of black velvet as background, as it sharpens what I want to get.

"Sometimes I work with printing, using sepia tones, etching masks, and so on—putting clouds into shots that had none—you know, all the regular camera stunts. But now that the children are at the dangerous experimenting stage, I've thrown away all the darkroom acids and dismantled the room. No use having unnecessary risks where they are concerned.

"I get my best daylight shots around four o'clock in the afternoon, when the light is softer and comes from an angle. The morning light out there is too glaring, and at noon the shadows are all downward, definitely unflattering. I seldom look for shadows and composition, because the only thing that interests me is a record for my own satisfaction. I want to keep what I see, and I like sometimes to send pictures of my children to friends in other parts of the world."

He drew out a second envelope and began to look through it, eagerly. "I suppose my best action shot was made at the prize fight when Jim McLarnin knocked out Corbett III. I recorded the knockout just as Corbett was dropping. Newspapermen and newsreel experts usually have best vantage points for action shots, so I seldom bother now that I have this one out of my system, but at that time I was offered quite a bit of money for it, which I refused, as I wanted to keep my scoop myself. Yes, I get things out of my system by doing them once! I hate to pose for pictures myself, because that's my job and I do it all day. But once I took a picture of myself, sitting before the fire. I put an (*Please turn to page 81*)



Lovely Anita Louise invites
us to a pre-view party

By Betty Boone

there's anything else or not. I have such a time putting on any pounds and you wouldn't believe how many people *like* milk, too! The last time we came up here after a preview, Ella had fixed coffee as well as milk, and all my guests insisted on having milk, so in the end I had to drink coffee myself to save Ella's feelings!

"Sometimes I invite a lot of people, sometimes there are only a few of us. Those who come oftenest are Buddy Adler, Dixie Dunbar and Robert Herndon, Jane Bryan and Phil Kellogg, Olivia de Havilland, Penny Singleton, the James Ellisons, Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott. If I'm having a real supper, I like to have something different from the everlasting turkey and chicken at this time of the year. It's cold weather and people need warm food. So I have a lamb roast, and if there are a lot of people, a baked ham as well. Then we have sweet potatoes with marshmallows on top a green salad and a fruit salad. If I omit the fruit salad, I often have a huge platter arranged with ice cream in the center and fruit all around. When we can get fresh fruit, like big strawberries, or ripe peaches or cherries, I use those; otherwise, I use canned fruit or preserved fruit, like pine- (Please turn to page 69)

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

ANITA LOUISE is a bachelor girl now, with an apartment in Hollywood's most delightful hotel. Separate white buildings are grouped on a hillside about spacious terraces that overlook a blue swimming pool. At night, when you stand on the little balcony outside Anita's living room windows, the view is spectacular, outlined from mountains to sea in jeweled lights—sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, rubies and topaz.

Being on her own has added a gracious dignity to the young star. She seems sure of herself, where she used to glance at her mother to see if everything was right. She's grown up—and isn't it becoming? "I love to give impromptu parties," she said, hovering over the table laden with delicacies for a look at the chafing dish. "I didn't think of giving this one until noon today. All I had to do was telephone Ella—" (Ella is Anita's beaming maid)—"and she fixed it all. She bought the flowers, the food, and made the cake. Is she marvelous? I've been teasing my mother for years to get me a chafing dish, and at last she did it, and tonight is the very first night I've used it! We're having chicken creamed with big white cherries in it, the way they do at the Troc."

Slim and tall and blonde, the wall mirror reflected her above the sweetheart roses. Her gray hostess gown with its white coin dots and frills at neck and wrists just the right shade for her fairness.

"You're looking at the milk pitcher, aren't you? We always have cake and milk, whether





She took his gay head between her palms and kissed him, and he noticed that her eyes were moist.

Hollywood Wedding

Climaxing the dramatic story of a glamorous screen love-team who had to fight Hollywood intrigue to realize the happiness they wanted to share

By S. Gordon Gurwit

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

(CONCLUSION)

THERE is a little white stucco hotel, not far from Hollywood, commanding a sweeping view of hills and valleys. Saturday had been warm, and as the night closed down, it grew hotter. There was thunder in the air. On the door of a corner room, on the second and top floor, a sign cautioned, "Do not disturb." On the other side of the door, Jean was propped up under the covers in a chiffon and lace nightgown, and she looked like a fresh peach, under mosquito netting. It was the kind of a nightgown a girl picks out for her honeymoon. Dick sat on the edge of the bed, in blazer-striped pajamas—such as no woman ever picked out.

"Safe and sound, Mrs. Ramsey," he grinned, "and the rest of the world can go by. It's locked out."

"What are you staring at?" she demanded.

"I am," he told her, "communing with nature, in her visible forms. You're so lovely to look at, darling, I can't get used to it!"

"Always the little gentleman," she mocked. "Do you happen to know what day this is?"

"Sure—Saturday. Try me on a hard one."

"No, barbarian! Do you know how many weeks we've been married? It's an anniversary!"

"No kidding? Let me see—why, so it is! Glad you remembered about being married, otherwise it wouldn't be considered legal, in some circles, for either of us to be here."

"In any decent circles," she told him, with a prim austerity. "You sound like a conscienceless philanderer. Are you, darling?"

"Sure! Haven't you heard? See my last year's publicity."

"Oh, but you're not, dear—not really!" She took his gay head between her palms (*Please turn to page 68*)

Here's Hollywood

Greeting you with the gay gossip
and latest news in celebrity circles

By Weston East

Topping year it will be for you if Mary (Punkins) Parker gets her wish. Punkins has captured the spirit of the times with a happy smile and a swiny dancing step that makes it look like a fine year ahead.

ROMANCE news of the town still must give a top spot to the persistently reported coming marriage of Janet Gaynor and Adrian. As a top creator of fashions, he is achieving his top accomplishment in making Janet into one of the very smartest looking sophisticates to be seen. They fairly live in the night clubs.

AND noted at a recent preview were Rosalind Russell escorted by Jimmy Stewart—whom you see with *more* interesting girls. Rosalind, back from England, and higher up on her high scale of acting achievement for her grand work in "Citadel," wore black, all black, most becomingly. At the same show were Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, as loving as a couple of turtle doves and making it most evident that the split-up that kept them apart for a while back, has been entirely forgotten in their happy-to-be-together present.

TYRONE POWER having whale of a time airplaning from one end of South America to the other. He took his color camera, and if he knows you well enough he'll postcard: "I took reels and reels of native flora, fauna and unfrocked torsos." Happy though not in love, there has been no grand passion since Gaynor. There was one perfect setting for an archery number by Cupid, with "Hearts and Flowers" as background music. Annabella had separated from her actor-husband, and the moon was full that week-end they chanced to meet at beautiful Ensenada. But that wasn't supposed to be known, much less remembered by anyone. Shortly later Annabella returned to continue her screen career abroad. And Tyrone—well Tyrone we've already told you is happy though not in love. Only girl he's taken out *solo* in Hollywood in past months is Arleen Whalen, and that time he was politely subbing for Richard Greene. That's how Tyrone met the problem of a rival on the lot—became buddies with him!



DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell, having sold their big home there, house-warmed their newly leased Bel Air home with a Sunday night chicken gumbo dinner. The dinner was swell, host Dick and hostess Joan the best of company, but the real kick for the guests, who included the Jimmy Cagneys, was hearing the way little Normie talks baby talk to his four months' old sister Ellen Powell.

THE dentist Olivia de Havilland has been putting off for as many weeks as she has been putting on her best make-up and swankiest gowns for George Brent's special notice, finally caught up with her. Two impacted wisdom teeth proved double trouble for Livvy. They gave her gas and she was abed days after two dental operations for removal of the maddening molars. The silver lining showed up when Olivia, who has diet problems in reverse (she has to eat hearty to gain and keep needed weight), discovered it is easier for her to put on poundage now.

CLARK GABLE and Carole Lombard are not a news item as a twosome to be seen at many previews or parties. Nor are the Andy Devines a gossip squib because they are out together—they've been doing it for years. But getting about Hollywood town these days and nights brings you face-to-face with a now very frequent foursome, made up of Clark, Carole, Andy and his wife—the gravel-throated Andy and Clark being the best of pals and most chummy now.

THE Palm Springs season is at its peak with all the smooth hotels and dude ranches oozing Hollywood stars every week-end. The streets of this wealthy town are thronged with strolling celebrities and the daily planes bring in a new batch to relax and sun-tan. You can see your ideals in their scanty sun suits, or dressed up in nonchalant elegance at the dinner dances. Ralph Bellamy's tennis club is once again a popular afternoon rendezvous, although there are those lowbrows who'd rather bowl in the town bowling alley. Alice Faye is among the bowlers, and is she the terror at ten-pins! Merle Oberon and Claudette Colbert were the first stars in the desert this year. They invited Edie Goetz (who is the daughter of Louis B. Mayer of Metro and the wife of a producer at 20th Century-Fox) to join them.



Edward G. Robinson was taught the Big Apple in "I Am the Law" (remember?), and he learned to like it—now he dances the Lambeth Walk, above, at a party with his wife as partner.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON hopes his mother will come out for another visit soon. She has been bothered with arthritis and has had to have a nurse. When she visited him recently he had his chauffeur's quarters converted into the most attractive of apartments for her. She couldn't get upstairs to the bedrooms in his house, but there were no stairs to climb after he had his big inspiration about remodelling for her. But in spite of all the luxuries of his mansion, Eddie couldn't persuade her to stay permanently. She has four sons in the East, who are as important to her as the star in the family. Mrs. Eddie Robinson took her back to New York when he was too tied down by radio work to escort her.



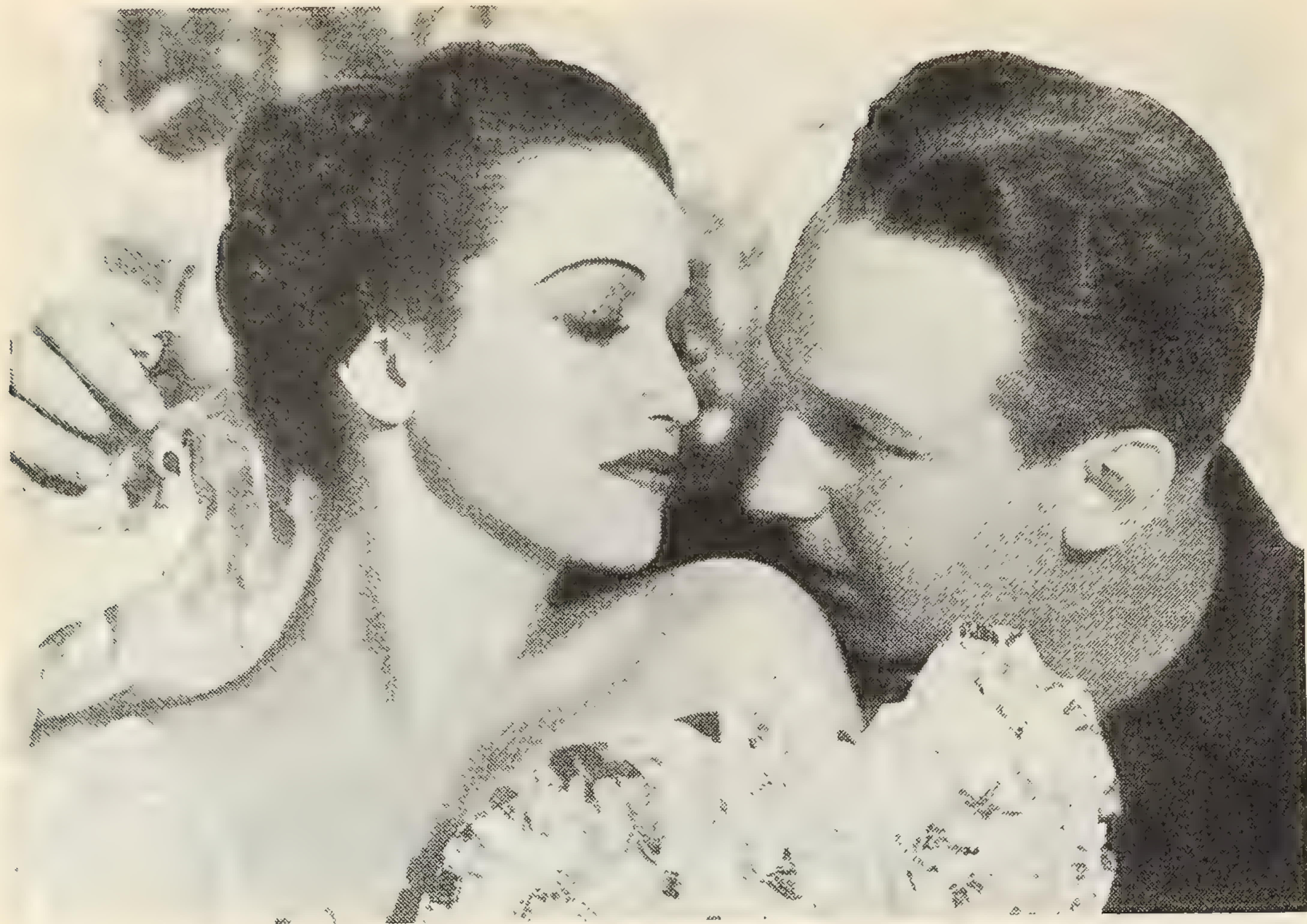
Six girls and a man lead to the inevitable, as Alan Marshall concentrates on Luise Rainer and leaves Virginia Grey, Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard, Jean Chatburn, and Ann Rutherford on-lookers, in "Dramatic School."

ATTENTION all males, and ahah all you women! Hedy Lamarr is still going pretty steady with Reginald Gardiner, but it is not the new love of her lifetime and there is a chance for some overpowering, fascinating male to chisel in. This comes straight from an inside source. More Hedy-lines: she's moved from 505 to 606, a block up the same street, for no special reason. She painted her verandah furniture for her new porch herself. She'll stick to the long bob in spite of all fashion shrieks, because it's best on her; you can notice she always wears her hair exactly the same. Dick Cromwell's making a mask of her. And she'd like to be on Joan Crawford's Saturday night party list. Howzabout her, Joan? She may be your most dangerous rival for the glamor supremacy at Metro, in the eyes of the world, but the little stranger's an ardent Crawford fan.

THOSE younger Lanes are all settled in a home they own. When Priscilla and Rosemary first burst upon the Warner lot they rushed out and rented a country estate, an establishment boasting a swimming pool and two guest rooms. After a year during which they've become acclimated to Hollywood they're two smarter girls. They've bought a smaller home in Laurel Canyon. Priscilla apparently is still very interested in assistant director Oren Haglund—when she went East for personals he sent her seventeen telegrams. Rosemary, though equally charming, has never had a regular beau. And Lola, foiled in her come-back attempt at Warners, is busily writing excellent poetry in the Dorothy Parker vein while waiting for still another opportunity for fame and wealth. It's astounding how like, in real life, the Lanes are to those sisters they portrayed in "Four Daughters."



Get ready for rib-tickling mischief, folks! Here's Donald O'Connor as HUCKLEBERRY FINN in Paramount's recreation of Mark Twain's famous characters in "Tom Sawyer, Detective."



On with the new love, says Hollywood. And proceeds to blend a most intriguing romance combination as Dorothy Lamour and Lloyd Nolan discover each other in "St. Louis Blues."

butler from too much work. He is an ex-aviator. When he applied he said, "My nerves are upset and my doctor tells me I must find an easy job for a year." Other cinema ladies may demand constant and super butling, but Colbert just chuckles.

WONDER if Constance Bennett will ever try a fourth marriage? For years gossips have known she was estranged from the Marquis Henry de la Falaise, who was previously Gloria Swanson's husband. "Hank" has been working in Paris while Connie's been steadily dating athletic Gilbert Roland, who once adored Norma Tallmadge. If you haven't already read of divorce proceedings, you will be hearing of Constance making the legal step shortly. She has three good pictures under her belt, after a lengthy absence from screen activity, so the headlines won't hurt her too much.

WHO do you suppose is quite the grande dame in Hollywood when it comes to the press? None other than Torchy Alice Faye, who rose from the chorus to be famous and quickly awed by it all. For the past six months Alice has really been cracking down on those creatures who want to interview her. They can talk to her brother Bill if they must make a living, and then after what he thinks of saying for her has been made into exciting copy, Alice—at ease in her Beverly mansion—will get out her big blue pencil and "correct." Her excuse is that she's doing big dramatic pictures now and must concentrate on her important scenes. Of course she finds time to go night-clubbing whenever she needs to relax from the burdens of glory. But give her time—maybe she'll still learn that the greatest stars are courteous and appreciative of fan interest in their lives. Latest on the Faye-Martin rumors: Tony didn't go to out-of-town football games because he didn't want to add to them—the rumors, that is.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT really doesn't have the time to answer many fan letters personally, but she penned an explicit note to the admirer who intended to mail her a pet monkey. "I have a French poodle and a dachshund. My cook has a poll parrot and love birds. My butler has a Maltese cat and a mongrel dog. So I'm afraid my husband would think I was running a madhouse if I accepted your monkey." Of course, what's most amusing and enlightening about Claudette is the way she spares her

HERE is a novel what-price-beauty note. Because her own skin is so flawless Virginia Bruce is the one movie actress who never has to don screen make-up. She splashes on lipstick, a light dash of mascara, and you always see her as is. In fact, she's only in a beauty parlor for her hair. So try to imagine the fun the crew on her new picture had when she spent an afternoon beneath a complicated facial mud-pack. It was the blamestest sequence in the entire Bruce career, she swears. After smearing her in the approved beauty salon style, they stuck a glass tube through to her mouth, so she could breathe. Then they made interminable long shots and close-ups. You'd have supposed a rival feminine star had planned the whole thing!



Who's the very pretty girl with her arms around Ray Milland? Why, Irene Hervey, prettier, we think, than ever. Ray thinks so too, in this gaily tender closeup from "Say It in French."

OUR monthly check-up on yesterday's stars: *Betty Bronson*. Remember "Peter Pan"? A dozen years ago an unknown young girl was okayed by Sir James Barrie for the title rôle in his famous story. Within six months Betty, a high school girl from Flushing, New York, was skyrocketed into \$1,500-a-week film stardom. She moved her family into a Beverly mansion, sent her sister to an exclusive girls' school and her two brothers to Stanford. She took her mother to Europe twice. But the one thing she never guessed could happen did happen. The wonderful luck stopped as abruptly as it had started. Insiders can tell you that tale of how Betty and her mother returned to Paramount to find Clara Bow installed in the elegant Bronson dressing-room. Mrs. Bronson is said to have waxed highly indignant. The then head of the studio was interested in seeing Clara advance, and was fed up with that flare of importance. The Bronsons came down to earth with a thud, but after a couple of years Betty gave up trying for another chance and married a salesman. Her dear old grandma back East helped them get a start in the real estate business in the star-studded San Fernando Valley. Now Betty, wiser, is once more around Hollywood—hopefully. She's a fine, generous young



That smiling, somewhat shy girl-and-boy romance is being captured with warmth and spontaneity for "Spring Madness" by Maureen O'Sullivan and Lew Ayres, just as M-G-M planned it.

woman who realizes completely the bitter truth of the old saw about easy come, easy go. Walt Disney's going to remake "Peter Pan" as a feature length cartoon, and Clara Bow, incidentally, is back on her vast Nevada ranch after almost a year's residence in Hollywood. Clara, contented mother of two bouncing sons, yielded the big dressing-room to Sylvia Sidney, eventually. And then, in time, Sylvia had enough of Hollywood and also said goodbye to the big shot behind the scenes. As you know, she's now married to a stage actor.

ALL that talk about Zanuck firing Loretta Young was a lot of jealous gossip. As usual, when someone's going to get it good and hard, it's Loretta. They said she wasn't box-office, that she was out of the running at last. When what "they" didn't know was that Zanuck offered her a new contract for three films a year at the record salary of \$125,000 per part. No matter how you slice it, Loretta still has the last laugh!

RKO will swear 'tisn't so but, as one for the records, Ginger Rogers' current reincarnation of famous dancer Irene Castle has not been accomplished without some sharp words from the original. When they bought the story of the Castles Irene was imported to be technical director. She installed herself, with retinue, in a big house near the Rathbones and the DeMilles. Dressed simply but perfectly, she reported to the studio to give her advice. Ensued office conferences wherein she objected to Hollywood touches. One bone of contention was the little matter of Ginger's hair. It was Irene Castle who started bobbed hair in America, but everyone who remembers her daring recalls her hair was cut in a short bob. Now Ginger's locks flow to her shoulders, and Ginger doesn't look her best sheared extravagantly. But what's history where a star's concerned? After all, hasn't Darryl Zanuck chopped years off historic men so Tyrone Power could give the old boys sex-appeal?

HOLLYWOOD ingénues still exist. Nancy Kelly, 17, has never had a date unchaperoned. She finally made the Troc the other evening, but she only danced with daddy. But then—though she starred in a flock of pictures as a kid—she never saw herself on the screen until this month. The



When it comes to romance, count Tony Martin in, because Tony will be there. You see him, above, in his next screen love story with Phyllis Brooks, in a new picture, "Up the River."

experience, she confides, was an awful shock! Still, Nancy has glamor hints just like the more worldly women. Tyrone Power and Randolph Scott were quite smitten with the subtle fragrance of her hair. She confesses she has her curls set with a perfumed toilet water. After she comes out from under the dryer the scent lingers faintly and permanently. Meanwhile, Olympe Bradna, 18, hasn't so much as had a date accompanied by parents. She gaily rides her bicycle in her time off, but literally; however, she now is being made up by Dot Ponedel, who does only the most important faces at Paramount, and Dot's giving her shading like she gave Dietrich.

HAVE you any accurate idea of how much Hollywood is benefiting by radio moving most of its big entertainment hours West? A million dollars a month is being paid to talent in Hollywood now, by radio sponsors. For a while the new CBS building dominated in the broadcasting field, but now NBC has



New darling of 20th Century-Fox, Nancy Kelly thrills to the embrace of Edward Norris, in "Tail Spin." And so soon after being loved by Tyrone Power in the new "Jesse James" film.

opened an even more astonishing modern palace for broadcasting. There aren't so many top movie stars on the regular programs this year, but that only means that the lesser fry are profiting and that the great number of able performers who only need a break are likely to secure attention thanks to radio presentation.

JOAN CRAWFORD does want to go to The Cradle, orphanage in the Midwest where most of the stars have found their adopted children. She intends to adopt a baby boy. But playing mama will be a luxury until she catches the preview of her ice-skating picture. Joan wanted two goodies in a row, so instead of studying diaper technique she learned to skate. She never so much as put on a pair of ice skates until she decided to do this film. In her customary way she proceeded to qualify in a new skill in short order. Reporting at the Metro rink she had as a couple of devoted holder-uppers a pair of champions; learned quickly. "But," Joan says, "Sonja Henie won't have to worry."



What a life! Here's Mr. Milland, rushing from one page to the other, from romancing with one girl to flirting with another—and what a girl: Olympe Bradna, co-star in "Say It in French."

LITTLE did Hollywood celebrities think they'd be subjected to a time clock when they began unionizing themselves. But now that the actors' Guild has won a forty-eight-hour week agreement, the producers are making all actors who earn less than \$1,000 a week punch a clock when they come in and when they go out of the studio. Glamor babes who heretofore swept through the imposing gates as though they were mere pillars to impress the uninitiate and unrecognized, now have to trot back to the casting office, pick out their own card from those on the racks, and be all system before they reach the luxury and seclusion of their own dressing rooms. The original idea was to put a halt to overtime without extra pay, but immediate result has been to bring a lot of sudden big shots down to earth with a bang.

PHYLLIS BROOKS now acknowledges that Cary Grant is the master mind of their duo. The first time he climbed the precarious flagstone steps to her new home he muttered, "You'd better take out insurance or somebody's going to break their neck on these steps of yours!" Phyllis poohed. But while he was a long way off in London her two puppies ran down the steps and she went tumbling after. She sprained both her ankles, thus losing a lead she was scheduled for. So she phoned for accident insurance for all people ascending or descending her front steps. She sat in the living room window, her ankles bandaged, and watched floodlights being installed. Her abode will have to look like an opening night to suit the insurance men.

NOT all the boners happen in the movies! In this department last month a caption to a picture of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy stated Bergen was made a Texas Ranger in Dallas. He's a Ranger all right—was made one by Governor Allred himself—but at Fort Worth, at the Casa Manana, big event of Texas and the Southwest. Quite a trick—we mean our moving Fort Worth and its Casa Manana to Dallas just by flicking two fingers over typewriter keys as we sit here at a desk. Have a blush on us.

Joan Crawford's Greatest Crisis Continued from page 28

remember all the rules she'd ever heard of for being the ideal wife. Rather amusedly, then in desperation. What made it so damnably hard was that she didn't know what she was struggling against. There was no other woman. There was just something in Franchot that had become different after marriage. For weeks and weeks she attempted to convince herself that there was nothing to what she was feeling intuitively. With all the sternness she could muster, recalling all the flattering adjectives interviewers had spilled on the subject of her will power, Joan denied that this could be for her. She had been through devotion before, but now she had banked all her accumulated wisdom on this being the right answer to her craving for understanding. She had submerged herself into Franchot's path because she was attracted to him with all the intensity a woman senses when she has finally discovered by bitter errors what real love should be.

We could tell, Joan's friends, when she began playing a part, the most galling rôle she ever tackled. She isn't poised, you know. Not Joan Crawford! She cares too deeply, instinctively betrays her moods. She isn't a sophisticate. Joan's too genuinely elemental. Franchot caught on quickly enough, I can assure you. He tried to overlook the inharmony, too. Tried in his way to play ball with her bravado. But there the two differed sharply. He was willing to make the best of it. Who's all-happy, anyway?

Joan, the perpetual idealist where men are concerned, felt the bottom had dropped out of everything for her. But then her persevering streak took command. She wouldn't be licked as a wife! She'd show the gossips who were avid for her failure that she could rise about any domestic obstacle. To her dismay she couldn't clamp the gradually-increasing rift. When she knew the spark was gone she was still plain woman; Joan swore it burnt as consumingly as ever. However, she didn't dare to see the press. She avoided reporters, sending word that she was concentrating on her singing lessons while waiting for her new picture. She was having picture trouble, besides. Joan had been assigned some vehicles that were below her par. It's the star who receives the blame as well as the credit. Wrought up at poor notices, she finally took a stand. She said she would not appear again until she was sure of a strong script. What a series of business conferences *that* started! Joan read at least a hundred suggested stories. Ironically, only a few days before some exhibitors howled about high-priced stars. Metro signed Joan to a brand-new long-term contract. It is for five years, will pay her a million and a half dollars. If a hard-boiled movie studio will commit itself like that in these days, you may be positive the player is worth it.

When she decided on "The Shining Hour," Joan personally asked for Margaret Sullivan for the other girl's part. And they haven't clashed while working, as many expected. They aren't much alike on the surface, but they respect each other's sincerity. Joan was constantly astounded at the ease with which Maggie turns on and off her acting. Joan still hasn't a reliable theatrical technique, still must feel her scenes. Maggie, on her side, was flabbergasted to find Joan literally practicing her singing before they'd begin their day on the set. "Me," sighed Maggie, "I just get here in time to dash in front of the cameras."

The Crawford dressing-room was packed with flowers on her first day. There was a special bouquet from Franchot. Joan was all

nerves one minute and delight the next at resuming after her ten disturbed months. She'd been so restlessly miserable. I have never seen her so young and vital as she is today. Deliberately she has exercised and rested to meet the severe scrutiny of close-ups.

I have just been talking to her. While she was battling with her difficulties with Franchot and frantically searching for the excellent picture she required to re-establish her Hollywood prestige other actresses shot ahead of her in the box office ratings. So I asked Joan, "How do you feel about having dropped out of the 'first ten' topnotchers?" She was standing spiritedly before the full-length mirror in her portable set dressing-room. Metro has given new portables to all its stars; across the sound stage Maggie was nonchalantly reading in new splendor. Only Joan had declined the switch to fresh glamor. Her familiar dressing-room, the one Douglas

same bosses, ever since I came to Hollywood. I still have the same friends, still like to do the same things. They'd have to blast to get me out of the same house I've lived in since before I could afford it! "In case anyone cares," Joan supplemented with her wide grin, "I now eat plenty. I had four slices of bacon, an egg, jam, coffee, and fruit this very morning!"

What they've called an act is her earnest responsiveness. Automatically she'll make the most of every situation that confronts her—but why not? To her life has been, *is* serious. She's bumped into too many hours that couldn't be shrugged away. What, she wonders, is the meaning of living, the common sense in doing anything at all, if you aren't trying to do it well? That's why she laughs, but never giggles. She has to be earnest even at being gay. And having grasped the essence of whatever her attention's on, she naturally is ready for further interests. I don't get insincerity from that.

No neurotic by just scales, she isn't an escapist, either—while we're at it. Other stars are always hurrying away from Hollywood. You see them at Santa Barbara,



Heather Feather Tippy-Tippy! That's the name of Lucille Ball's mad and becoming tweed hat, left above. Her handbag of soft calf has those streamlines. Right above, Una Merkel models an alpine hat, with double-rolled felt crown and ostrich feather.

Fairbanks, Jr., presented her when she first became a star, was swell enough for her forever.

As she skillfully shaded her lipstick her finely modeled features focused in the blaze of her great gray eyes. "How do I feel about it?" she retorted immediately. "I've got to get back up there!"

No hesitance, no subtle protective stalling. They've exaggerated Joan's sensitivity beyond reason. I've always been able to talk to her without fear of her collapsing at straightforwardness. Who would have replied to so direct a question more honestly? They've said that Joan is a poseur—because she changes. But she doesn't change! She adds, grows. That is by no means the same. "I'm appalled whenever I hear one more peep of that 'new Crawford' line," she asserted as she picked up her knitting needles and flew into a sweater-to-be. "I'm no such nut. I'm no 'new Crawford' now. I not only prefer my regular dressing-room as you can very well see for yourself, but I have my same dog Pupchen who won't stay home but comes to work with me. Lie down, Pupchen! Darling, I can't hold your paws with my hands full of needles! I have my same maid, Alice, and my same boy to play records between shots, Eddie. I've worked at this same studio, for the

Del Monte, Ensenada, or the desert furiously getting away from themselves. No travelling aimlessly for Joan. "I go to my home. That house is my haven. It's the last thing I would give up." Something of her soul is indeed in that house. She found it before she married Doug, Jr. It wasn't unique. But year by year I've seen it grow in beauty, and today it is as exquisite—and as spotless—as she can make it. M-G-M describes it loftily as Regency. Joan declares it's nothing so elegant; it's just her mixture of everything she likes. Such a mixture, such shining antiques and old silverware and comfort, is certainly a complement to her taste.

Looking at Joan opposite me, so vigorously charming, I couldn't help but think of the other fallacies spread about her. She is enviable and arresting, and so they've made up many ridiculous tales. She retreats into a select little circle where she is queen bee, they whisper. But Joan isn't a snob. Her most intimate friends aren't renowned and she respects them for what they are. They don't fall flat in her presence. She is an idol-worshipper from afar, no conventional celebrity-chaser. Of course she does treasure these luxuries she has obtained for herself, but she would be awfully peculiar if she didn't. She had a dismal childhood, a girlhood where there was no beauty; she

had no pretty clothes, no carefree hours. She worked her way through grammar school. In high school she earned her expenses by keeping a fourteen-room house clean and cooking and helping to herd twenty-five kids. She hated that poverty of opportunity, so bitterly that she created her career for herself.

Joan has never even claimed to be well-read, even though she does read more than most any other actress I have come across. That tale about the little theatre in her garden being her grand workshop for the stage was silly. It's equipped only for movies. Nor does she, as has been written, wipe her yesterdays regally from her. Joan has a terrific memory, just like an elephant's. "I save my money, for I've never for an instant forgotten what it's like to be hungry, and to have no place to sleep. I always figured if it could happen once it could happen again!" She not only distinctly remembers every person who has been kind to her, but she still uses their first names.

Has she sacrificed too much for Hollywood fame? "No!" she exclaims. "I couldn't

there's a crowd of fans and traffic's held up, I love it! Is that so strange? Who doesn't like flattery if it's their reward for their hard work? The cops start shoving people away and they think I'm crazy when I say leave 'em alone! I love those crowds of fans. So an actress's life in Hollywood makes her think too much of herself? Why, that isn't so! We become self-informed, not self-centered. By constantly looking at myself on the screen, making up before a mirror, having fittings, I don't become conceited. Good grief, I learn not to take my 'charm' for granted, to take better care of myself because my job demands it. But then I can carry this putting my best foot forward over into my personal life, and you can bet this has been an advantage! No, they're wrong. Hollywood's keen. It's not only taught me how to put on my make-up and how to wear my hair and how to dress—advantageously—but it's taught me how to concentrate and discipline myself. Poured me into a mold? Nonsense! It's taught me how to be an individual.

"Hollywood's not an easy instructor. For instance, the way it's turned me into a

"I'm not so courageous. I just get fighting mad. Take my riding. They wouldn't show me a script here that had a horse in it. I was scared stiff of horses. So while I was off the screen I attended to that matter. I bought a horse and now I own two. I attempt polo! Well, when I was thrown from my first horse I picked myself up and I was shaking like a leaf. I didn't know whether I could conquer him or myself or not, but I said to myself, 'Are you going to let that so-and-so do that to you? No!!'

"I was petrified of elevators until recently, used to climb up miles of stairs. I'm over that. The only thing I'm afraid of now is an airplane. Thank goodness I'm so busy I haven't time to have to whoop up nerve enough to lick them! Planes can stay on ice a bit."

Mixed up in her knitting, Joan paused for breath. "Excuse me while I phone Barbara. She's a friend of mine who works in a knit shop in downtown Los Angeles. I'll describe these symptoms. She's swell; she even sends me diagrams!" So I had more time to remember that Joan dispelled her fear of radio just as she conquered horses. That provoked my "But what of your future, Joan? Will it be happy?"

"I don't know! I'm sure I'll always want to work. But because I get such a kick out of getting places, don't misunderstand me. I do not think that satisfying myself so far as all my ambitions go is more important than my home, is more important than a successful marriage. I'm not cynical about love. It's too wonderful to disregard, to be relegated to any secondary place.

"Right now I can at least plan regarding work. I don't know if I have a good enough voice for opera or not. I know I can try, and that I must steel myself to ignoring the wisecracks some people make about my wanting to try."

The day Joan began "The Shining Hour" she not only got all those encouraging flowers, but a long-distance call from Chicago offering her a debut in concert on the foremost musical program there. She had to decline because of her picture. "I started my singing lessons five years ago because I thought even then—what if they don't take up my option, give me a new movie contract? Perhaps I can sing! I'd better begin trying, just in case. I hope I can succeed on the stage, in straight plays, too. Right now a Broadway audience would paralyze me. But I've gotten so I don't mind the audiences at radio dramas, and that's a step."

The last time Joan was in New York she told the eager play producers that they needn't dig for a star show for her. She'd rather debut in the theatre in a supporting rôle. What she'd be most pleased with is a chance with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. "But I've got to conquer present circumstances before I do anything else," Joan announced practically, whizzing into the correct stitch with stupendous verve.

"Where'd you get that determination of yours, anyway?" I asked. "No one in your family has anything like it. No one's pushed or pampered you."

Her beautiful but capable hands stopped temporarily. Joan looked right at me. "I don't know where I get it from. From the air, maybe. But I'm glad I have it!"

Unsinkable Joan! Doug, Jr., was morbid, unsystematic, fatalistic—a day-dreamer until losing her snapped him out of it. Franchot loved her for the greatness he recognized in her, but after he had won her he couldn't hold her. "A woman should be self-sufficient," she was saying when Alice, her maid, came to get her for a 'take.' "But no woman should ever be dominating. If ever I was, I didn't mean to be and I got over it. Hollywood has taught me that it's not attractive in a woman. It's pathetic. So is self-pity!"



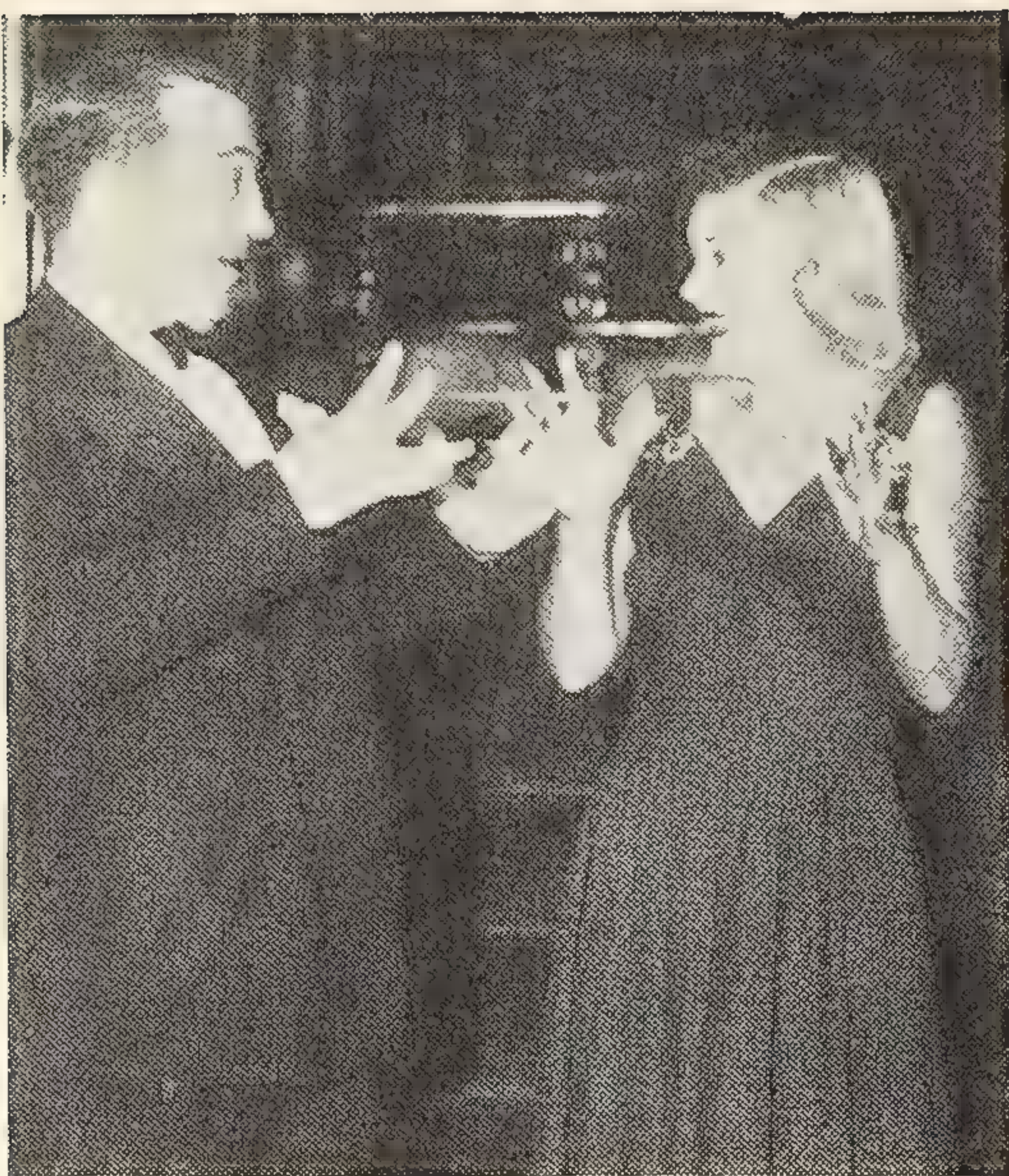
The smart girl's hair goes up, her hat follows! Left above, Lucille Ball again, wearing the "nursemaid" chapeau, with pert upswing. Her handbag is huge, of fine calfskin. At right above, Mary Carlisle's hat combines black felt with cerise suede.

begin to explain how grateful I am to Hollywood, to the movies and what they've done for me. I'm lonely sometimes, a lot of times—sure! But you never get something for nothing. A girl who works has to learn to divide herself in half—half woman, half business man. Sure it's hard. But to me it's been worthwhile! A woman is man's equal mentally. Men may moan, 'Hollywood makes a woman lose her balance! Those actresses think only of themselves! What good's all their ambition?' I disagree with those men who proclaim that we career women are pathetic. Tell me, what's so pitiful about trying to achieve? And some of us just do want to know the better things in life. I wasn't born a clinging vine. Second bests never struck my fancy. In this picture Maggie and I are doing I'm a character who married because she was alone and that was the only thing she could turn to. I'd never do that!

"Men are going to have to realize that a woman is liable to have as much ambition and talent and gumption as any man. And a woman who is ambitious oughtn't to give up her career when she marries. The man who'd ask her to would never appreciate her sacrifice and she'd never be content doing nothing but housework. I get a thrill out of succeeding in pictures. Is that so weird? When I go to New York and

Saturday night gal. I used to want to go to parties every night. It's still not a cinch to stay home and read a good book when it would be so simple to step out. But I have seen so many phoneys, listened to so much high-powered, wasteful chatter here in Hollywood, I've heard so many false compliments being parried that at last I wanted to scream, 'Who do you all suppose you're kidding?' I recognized it wasn't really me who was trying to maintain that pace. So now I look forward to going out once a week. I want to dress up, look pretty for Saturday nights!

"I've had some punk pictures. Maybe I've been pretty punk in them, too," Joan added with a shake of her head as she bumbled a stitch in her knitting. "But I don't believe in luck. I believe in cause and effect. Sometimes, when it's love, the cause is buried so you never uncover it. But as for pictures—if you haven't a fine production in every way it can't turn out fine. That's all. I think that if you're going to wait for your 'bad luck' to turn into 'good luck' before you start to climb out of your mess that you will be sidetracked indefinitely. I hate being sidetracked by anyone, anything. So I say your destiny is your dirty deal—if you don't try to boss it yourself. No, I don't 'accept' things as for the best—if the best looks a darned sight better to me.



Big night at the Rainbow Room, New York—Woo-Woo! Hugh Herbert was there, delighted to meet Mrs. Al Donahue.

Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 61

and kissed him, and he noticed that her eyes were moist. So, there was more beneath the surface than their gay kidding indicated! He held her very close, in an inadequate gesture of protective affection.

They were awakened toward morning by considerable noise in the courtyard. There were many cars and the bright headlights cut a sharp swath through the slanting rain. Voices sounded, quick and gay. Dick went to the window and came back sober-faced.

"Of all the luck!" he whispered. "It's one of our own units, coming off location! And they're stopping here for breakfast."

"What'll we do?" she asked. She told herself that she wasn't afraid, but she was.

"Do? Nothing! Go back to sleep, and if they're still here when we get up, we'll take our meals in our room until they do leave. Or else—we can tell 'em—"

"No, Dick," she objected. "Not yet."

In the morning, a gay, ironic voice shouted at their door, and hard knuckles pounded. "Hi, Dick! This is Pete Marvin. Just coming off location with the 'Desert Rose' gang. Open up, I'm the house detective! Saw your roadster downstairs. Are you the Mr. McRaye?"

"Go 'way!" called Dick. He turned helpless eyes to Jean and shrugged.

"Aw, Dick!" chuckled the whimsical voice. "You know I've always loved you. Ain't I your best friend? Don't you want to see any of your friends here, before we shove off for town?"

"Beat it," growled Dick. "I wish to be alone!"

"Who would have suspected it!" jested the derisive voice.

A few minutes later, the entire company drove away, and from behind the gauze curtains, Jean and Dick watched them go, boisterous and laughing. She turned to him and her eyes were drenched with embarrassment and revolt.

"Dick," she said, "this is awful!" She felt queerly clandestine. Yet what, she thought, desperately, would become of a marriage, a love, that fled or postponed its consummation?

After breakfast they left, Dick driving far into the hills. They returned to Hollywood under the cover of night, on Sunday; and they had, in the tense glory of being

together, forgotten all about Dick's car being discovered at the hotel, and the damning signature on the register, "Mr. and Mrs. Richard McRaye." All the studio heads knew Dick's actual name.

The afternoon of the next day, when Dick sat in his dressing room, Bill Walters came in, frowning, and said, "Hi Dick!"

"Hi," said Dick easily. He liked Walters. "What's on that ganglion you call your mind?"

"Plenty!" said Walters, succinctly. "Aren't you taking this engagement a bit too seriously?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Dick, suddenly tense.

"I mean," replied Walters, shooting it straight at Dick across open sights, "that Jean is a swell girl—salt of the earth—innocent and inexperienced—and I don't like it! Pete Marvin told me the story—and I checked up."

Dick's eyes sparked dangerously. "Go on," he invited.

"I will," said Walters, courageously. "You can't do that to Jean. I'm no fool, and I know she was with you. I built you up as a Casanova, but you don't have to make the build-up stick! I think you're a so-and-so. And a louse!"

Dick came half-way out of his chair, and suddenly his eyes thawed as he watched Bill Walters. Bill's face held the still rage of the man who commits murder cheerfully. "I ought to smack you down for that, Bill, but I won't. My eyesight's getting better." He sat back, his eyes abstract. "She was with me, Bill. I hope she always will be. For your information, we were married in Yuma, a few weeks ago. Jean's my wife."

Walters' face tensed, and a slow red stained his thin cheeks. His eyes wandered from Dick's direct gaze. "Has the information reached her?" he asked.

"Of course," said Dick, grinning. "We've been trying to keep it quiet for a while." His eyes sparked. "But I'm through! You can tell Glassman, if you want to, and if he doesn't like it, he can take a running jump in the lake. We had a legal ceremony, but now we both want a church wedding!"

Walters' face cleared. His lips were still taut, but an eager light was in his sharp eyes. "You lucky dog!" he said. "You get all the breaks! I'll tell the Old Man. This is a scoop."

Dick grinned and shook Bill's hand. "Just a publicity hound at heart, eh?"

"I'll get Jean's side of it," said Walters, and left, hurriedly. He burst in on her like a hurricane, told her he knew all about her marriage, and was going to tell Glassman; he kissed her and shoved a newspaper under her nose.

"Look!" he exulted. "Here's you and Dick in some of the stills from that test church shot. Are they something? I'll say they are! And now, you're going to have a church wedding, Dick tells me. Does this bunch of pics anticipate, or not? This is going to be a wow, Jean! Front page, all over the country."

Her eyes fell on the newspaper, the pictures of herself and Dick. She sat staring at them, until—immediately beside them, a headline riveted her eyes. She stared. An auto wreck! James Raeburn! Her heart was thudding quickly as she read:

A man known as James Raeburn was instantly killed last night when his heavy car left the road at high speed and crashed into a tree. The accident was directly due, it was thought, to the thick fog which blanketed the area around Ventura last night. Nearly seven thousand dollars was found in his wallet at the time of his death.

Jean was faint with horror. She sat in a trance-like stupor for some minutes; then,

as in a dream, she walked out of her bungalow, leaving the staring maid behind. That was what the maid and the gate watchman told Dick, several minutes later, when he sought her. She had simply driven out, without a word of explanation.

She drove into the thick of town, parked in a lot and went to a drug store. Fog! she thought. Myles Tracy had always believed that fog was very lucky for him. Purpose had crystallized on her beautiful, still face. Myles Tracy—Jim Raeburn! She shut herself into a phone booth and dialed police headquarters; and when she got the officer in charge, she explained, briefly: "I'm calling about Jim Raeburn—the man who was killed in that automobile wreck last night, near Ventura?"

"Yes? Know anything about him?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "I'm an old friend, but I don't want my name to appear in this. Raeburn once played in a San Francisco stock company. When his wife died, he was broke, so he put his little daughter in an orphanage, in Oakland. She must be about seven years old now. Later, I heard that he went to Mexico and made some money in a mining venture, around ten thousand dollars. You can trace his daughter easily enough, through the orphanage. She's prob-



Ann Sothern and hubby Roger Pryor there, too. Chat with a friend, above.

ably still there. Whatever money Raeburn had at the time of his death belongs to her."

"Oh, we'll find the kid, all right! I wish you'd identify him."

Jean shuddered. "Jim Raeburn had several scars, from burns he suffered in a San Francisco fire, in which his roommate was killed. Also, the little finger of his left hand is missing. That should positively identify him." In her mind's eye, she was seeing Myles Tracy's hand, and she shivered as with arctic cold.

"Check!" snapped the voice.

"Goodbye," she said, and hung up.

Jean walked out, and a violent reaction shook her. She couldn't go back to the studio now. She was too shaken. She drove home automatically, absorbed in her thoughts. Jim Raeburn, she reflected, will not have given his life and the shelter of his identity to a blackguard like Myles Tracy, in vain. Out of Tracy's craftiness, his greed, would come an inheritance for a child who needed it.

Once home, she went to her room, silent, tight-lipped, still unwilling to trouble her mother with the details of Myles Tracy's reappearance and his final bow out of her life. In her own room, she stood and looked blankly at the wall. The closeness of death, the sense of tragic finality that had closed Tracy's life, weighed her down unbearably; and she, who was as strong as a sapling,

fell across her bed and lost consciousness, for the first time in her life.

Jean opened her eyes in the curious immobility which comes immediately after shock. It was darker. Her mother sat by her side, and she saw the doctor she'd had once before. She was listless and tired and immeasurably sobered, but she tried to smile.

"I'm all right, mother," she insisted, gravely.

The doctor said: "Of course you are! Overwork, that's all. Frayed nerves. A bit of rest and you'll be as good as new!"

He left with a cheery goodbye. Her mother sat holding her hand and looking at her, her old eyes bright with tears, a tremulous smile on her lips. She wanted to be gay, but a new sadness filled her.

"Dick told me, dear," she said, softly. "I'm so glad! He's downstairs. So is Mr. Glassman and Mr. Walters. They insist they have to see you, as soon as it's possible."

"I'll come down," Jean decided, swiftly. She turned her eyes away from her mother's. Intuitively, she knew why the tears were there. "I'm really all right, mother. It's just shock, I guess. Maybe too much work. Will you tell them I'll be down in a few minutes?"

Her mother nodded and left. Jean got up, smoothed down her dress, went to her dressing table. She was pale, and her skin looked transparent. She steeled her nerves bravely, applied a touch of cosmetics and went downstairs.

In the living room, the three men sat in subdued talk. They stopped abruptly when she entered. Dick muttered something under his breath and came to her side. Bill

"That's where we're going to live, Jean."

Her eyes glowed. For the moment, she wasn't a star; she was just a young girl, terribly in love. She turned to Glassman, impulsively. "We'll make pictures for you, Ben," she said. "For a long time, I hope."

Ben Glassman patted her hand. To her amazement, she saw that his eyes were wet with tears, but they were shining, too. "All right—all right!" he told her.

Walters arose and grinned. "Well, I wasn't so far wrong after all, was I? God bless you, my children! See you on the lot."

They left. Then, quietly, with a controlled voice, Jean told Dick what had happened and showed him the newspaper. He was silent for several heartbeats.

"Judas!" he muttered. "So that ends that!"

Jean's face was still with a chastened solemnity. "Dick," she said, softly, "I've been thinking about that little girl in the orphanage, Raeburn's little daughter. She was such a beautiful baby!"

"Just a minute!" said Dick, blankly. Mischievous twined at his lips. "Adopt her? After all, darling, you don't have to go shopping for a daughter!"

"Of course," she whispered, "but I'd like—"

"Anything you like, darling! Glassman is throwing a wedding reception for us, and I insisted it be held in the new home, so we could make it a house warming. It's an idea! A ready-made family to open the house!"

Bill Walters stopped Dick on the lot and thrust a piece of paper under his nose. It was a short release: The Dick Ramseys were adopting a little seven-year-old girl.

"Yes?" said Dick. "That seems correct. What about it?"

Bill Walters eyed him in mock disapproval. He measured the bulk and sinew of the handsome young star with a jaundiced eye; then he measured the distance between them.

"Sissy!" he said contemptuously—and ran.

THE END

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 60

apple, cherries and so on. It's a light dish and people like it.

"If there are six or eight of us, sometimes I get Ella to make a French dish called *Student's Ragout*. It's really stew, and do I love a good stew! This is a nice cold weather dish."

STUDENT'S RAGOUT

- 1 lb. round steak cut in thin slices
- ½ lb. sliced bacon (Canadian style)
- 2 medium size carrots
- 3 medium size onions
- 4 to 6 medium size potatoes
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup water

It is important to have a pan with a close-fitting lid. Wash, peel and thinly slice the vegetables. Cut the round steak across the grain into little strips about 2 inches long and ½ inch wide. Cut the bacon into strips and if ordinary bacon is used cut the slices into halves or thirds.

Now place the cooking utensil over a medium slow gas flame and distribute the bacon all over the bottom of the pan; then put the cut-up steak in a layer over the bacon. Sprinkle with black pepper. Next put in the sliced carrots and onions; sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. On top of all distribute evenly the thinly sliced potatoes and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add the cup of water. Cover and cook over a slow flame for 45 minutes by which

time all the water will be absorbed and you will have a delicious dinner.

"There's a different salad, too, that some people like *Wialua Salad*. I think Margaret Lindsay brought it back from Hawaii, but I may be mistaken."

WIALUA SALAD

For each portion place a slice of drained canned pineapple (Dole's) on a bed of shredded lettuce, cover this with a slice of peeled tomato, on the tomato spread 1 tablespoon Hellman's mayonnaise and sprinkle over all paprika and finely chopped fresh mint leaves.

"The chafing dish is going to be a great addition to preview parties, I can see. You put hot water under here and whatever food you want to keep hot up here. You know, one reason I begged for it was because I wanted to make brandied cherries—you put your preserved cherries in with a thimblefull of brandy, get them hot and pour them over ice cream. If it's deep winter and the only fruit available is bananas, you can serve *Banana Fool*, if you haven't too large a party. I've been going to have it some time, but so far that time hasn't arrived."

BANANA FOOL

Peel and slice into a saucepan 10 firm, ripe bananas, add 4 tablespoons sugar and ½ cup water; cook until soft, stirring constantly. Rub through a fine sieve and place in a dish on the ice for two hours. Add the juice of 1 lemon and 1½ cups of whipped cream. Serve in a glass dish or custard glass.

"Anita tossed back her curls, and led the way back to the living room. My hair's getting too long," she commented. "I must say everybody is hair-conscious these days. I don't like the high hair-do, because it's so seldom flattering, but I occasionally wear it at night. When I was working in 'The Sisters,' I was giving a before-preview dinner one night. We were going to see Norma's picture and she was having a party afterwards, so my crowd came here first. Well, I got home at 7:05 P.M.; they were coming at 7:15, so I knew I had no time to worry with my hair. It was already up in period style for the picture, laid in 1904, so I left it that way and everyone thought I was exploiting the new style! Another reason against high hair-do is that it takes so long. You can't get out of a beauty shop in less than three hours, and who wants to spend three hours there?"



Patsy Kelly pulled a nifty, made Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Jack Whiting laugh.

Walters sat and frowned; and Ben Glassman glowered at her.

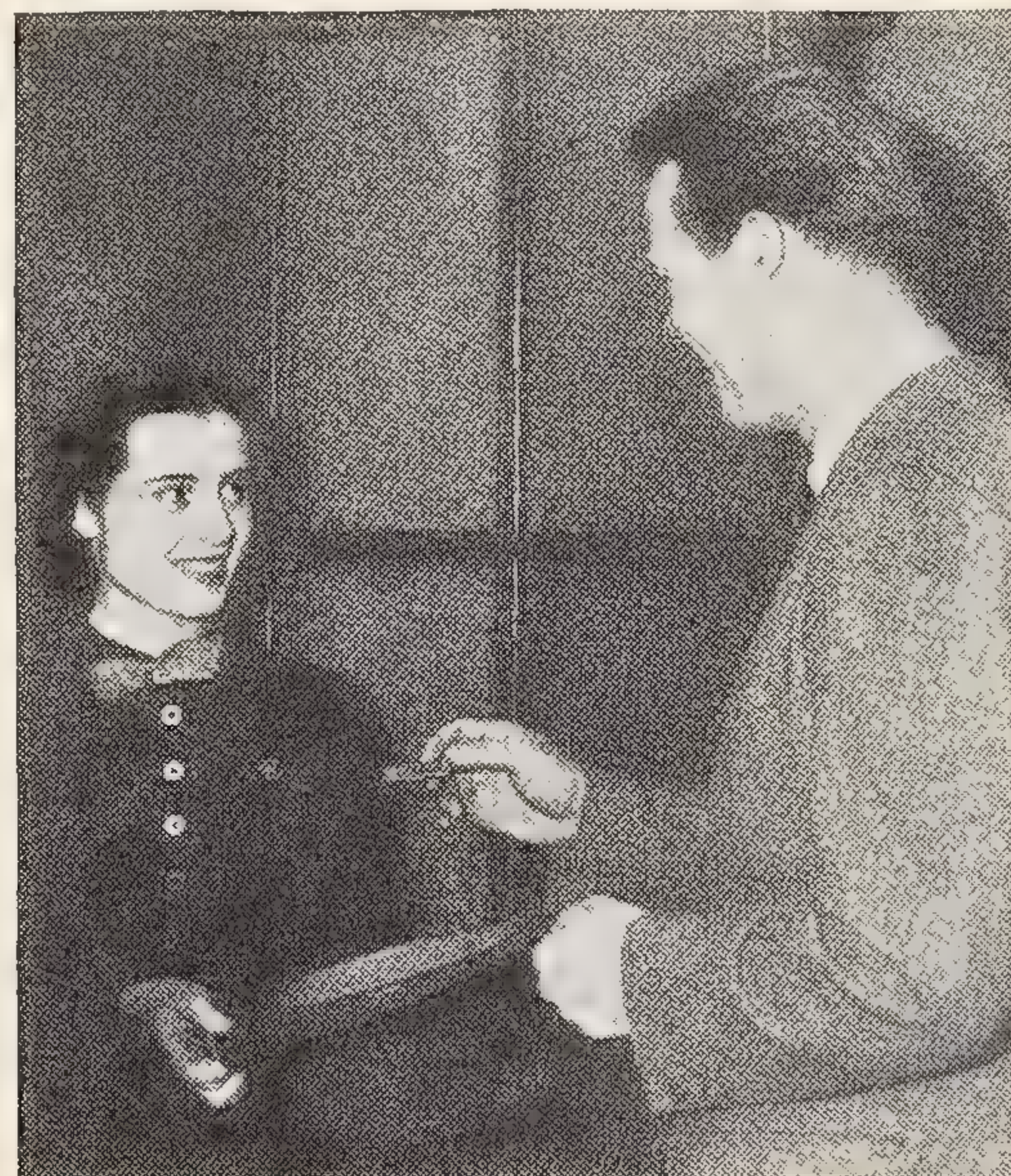
"Always to me it's got to happen," said Glassman, whose English suffered under stress. "I know all about your marriage, Jean. These two wise guys told me! Bill's great idea—an engagement!" He glared at Mammoth's public relations counsel. "Cupid, he thinks he is—without wings!"

"I'd look swell breezing around Hollywood with wings, wouldn't I?" Bill said, witheringly.

"Keep quiet," said Glassman. He turned to Jean: "So, my dear, I suppose now this marriage will spoil the best team I have at Mammoth? I suppose you and Dick will retire to that big house he bought you, and you'll get interested in furniture and servants and parties, and have a baby every year!"

Color stained her pale cheeks. She said, "What big house?"

"I bought the Travers place," said Dick.



Wayne Morris checks out. Hatcheck girl, as did all ladies at Rainbow Room party, beamed when he smiled at her.



One of Hollywood's biggest stars, Shirley Temple is just a little girl when Christmas comes—thrilled with her tree, a dog with a long nose but loads of personality, and dolls.

Secrets of Women

Continued from page 33

Barthelmess. "That was later," the chuckling Nazimova enlightens you. "To learn the language correctly, I wanted someone who spoke only English to teach me. They brought me Caroline Harris, mother of Dick Barthelmess, then just a boy. At that time I could speak only four words of English—yes, no, thanks, seasick." A complete vocabulary for an ocean voyage, you are ready to grant. But: "We played everything in Russian at a place in East Third street. We called it Orleneff's Lyceum, but there was a saloon on the floor below us and a dance hall overhead. A quiet, meditative drama like 'The Sea Gull' would often be rudely disturbed by drunken brawls under us and the thud, thud, thud of pounding feet above. But it was great fun. I was leading actress, director, prompter, translator of plays, wardrobe mistress, and sometimes I played the violin offstage. What was I paid for all that work? Nothing. I lived on money I was getting from home. I got no salary in this country until a year later, when Lee Shubert gave me fifty dollars a week. In Odessa I had studied to be a concert violinist. Then I thought it would be easier to be an actress, but it wasn't."

So much for one picturesque background. Meanwhile the fascinating Colbert sits reticent as her Mona Lisa smile. Now you attempt to draw her out along the same line, and in refreshing frankness hear: "I found it easy to act—I don't know why. The only thing I had to lick was self-consciousness, which makes all the difference between a good and a bad actress. My mother was a great help, always picking me up on it. At first I had it so bad I'd find myself facing upstage and playing to the backdrop. But finally, with experience, I managed to overcome it. With me, going on the stage was not a matter of money, just simply a case of vanity. Every girl likes to think of seeing herself up there on the stage. I know that's the way I felt at eighteen. But I soon had all the vanity knocked out of me. For example, in the six years or so I was under Al Woods' management he never even once got my name right. But that didn't matter, as I was doing something I liked. Before that I'd studied painting, then wanted to be a dress designer, thinking I'd make more

money in that line. But I turned naturally to acting. Women are natural actresses, although some of them can't project their acting. That's the professional side of it. Most of the time I was playing light comedy parts which gave me little or no difficulty. In pictures, except on two occasions, I've played modern girls, a comparatively easy thing to do because you're more or less playing yourself. This part of *Zaza* is the most difficult I've ever had for the reason that it is of another period. But it is an emotional paradise for me because its emotions are widely varied. One result is I can use my imagination more than I'd be able to do in a bad part. Playing it has made me wonder whether women today realize that feminine emotions change with the times."

Of her own clear understanding of the emotional sex you have no possible doubt. And what you realize in your first meeting with Claudette Colbert is the enviable combination of beauty and brains. You are congratulating yourself on this discovery when Mme. Nazimova declares: "Emotionally women of the 'nineties were utterly different from those of today. My last love of that other day was *Mrs. Alving*, and every time I played in 'Ghosts' I couldn't help feeling that in spite of her age she retained a romantic quality, kept a strange, useful freshness, a quality the years cannot change in any woman. *Mrs. Alving* did this gracefully, and that's innate nobility. Of course, in marrying a man she knew to be a reprobate she stuck her chin out. A lot of women today do the same thing, but can they take it?"

Intent upon bringing out Miss Colbert's opinion on this vital phase of the matrimonial question, you are rewarded with: "I think women can take it if they go into that sort of marriage with their eyes and minds open. It's just a matter of courage, and there's certainly no lack of that in women today. But the woman of *Zaza's* day was much more the clinging-vine variety. Then her whole life revolved about a man. It may, often does, of course, today. But modern women are not so obvious about it. Nowadays all our emotions are more repressed and hidden. In the past it was perfectly all right for women to wear them on their sleeves. At present we are much more subtle. In saying this, please understand, I am speaking personally. Maybe I'm maligning the woman of yesterday, though I sincerely hope not."

It begins to dawn upon you that here

are two highly intelligent women of distinguished accomplishment who are revealing not only their own secrets but those of women generally. "I am terrifically curious about human beings," confesses Mme. Nazimova. "Under the skin, there is, I believe, still a great deal of the primitive in the woman of today. By this I do not mean merely where a man is concerned. I myself have fallen in love and fallen out of love—that's commonplace. What to me is important is the woman who does things. I don't care what she does, cooking meals or washing, so long as it's not simply primping."

Now Claudette Colbert is one who has no need to primp, thanks to good Dame Nature. Yet you are bent on getting her view, and it is stimulating to be told: "I am a very practical woman myself. I hate *chi chi*, ungenerous and mean-spirited women, and I can't stand women who are vain and affected and beat about the bush. The kind I respect and admire is the woman with a definite aim. Of course, everything has changed so much in recent years that it is not always possible for her to keep steadily to her aim. For one thing, divorce is so easy today that it may suddenly alter her whole life. Because of this she has to consider what may happen to her so that she may be prepared to meet such an emergency. But if she has married early in life and has a large family, that's different. Against such a contingency she has no lucky charm."

Can it be, you wonder, that the practical Miss Colbert is by any means superstitious about the changing fortunes of life? "About anything," she freely admits. "I'm always picking up a new superstition. And I've got a lot of old ones—shoes on tables, hats on beds, crossed knives at meals (that's a French one). In fact, the only thing I'm not superstitious about is the thirteenth—I happened to be born on that day of the month."

Following up this promising clue, you get a dazzling surprise from Mme. Nazimova. "I'm wearing this for good luck while doing this job," she acknowledges, showing you a handsome brooch with *Zaza* spelled in diamonds. "It was given me by members of the Russian stock company in Kostrama when I played *Zaza* with them. But I'm not a bit superstitious," she stoutly maintains, "just afraid. I'm a terrible coward. I wouldn't get into an airplane for love or money. I hope they'll keep on having trains and boats. But what scares me most of all is lightning. At my place in Westchester I've built a storm-cellar, and when I'm back East and see a thunderstorm coming up I dive into it and hide. I feel pretty much the same about acting in pictures now. They'd terrify me because of my accent. It was different when I was in silent pictures. But now, with my foreign intonation, the only thing I could possibly do would be to play European characters with a biographical background and become a sort of female Paul Muni. Anyway, I hope I never go back to acting."

Aware of the richness of Miss Colbert's success on both stage and screen, you inquire if she has a preference. "I got more satisfaction from playing on the stage because of the personal reaction," she points out, "than I get in pictures. On the other hand, there is a satisfaction in playing on the screen and knowing the whole world knows you that you never could get on the stage. And now, in this part, I'm getting a different intonation, not because I speak French all the time at home, but because Mr. Cukor keeps saying, 'Think of it in French.'"

But at this moment Mr. Cukor is saying something else, sounding a summons. There is a scurrying back to the set. Standing at its edge, you watch women at work. And do Claudette Colbert and Mme. Nazimova know their job!

Tyrone Power's Location Diary Continued from page 31

company and although we will work in Pineville, the town hasn't enough accommodations for all of us. I found a room in a private home on the outskirts of Noel, Missouri, a picturesque summer resort town in the heart of the Ozarks, eleven miles away from Pineville by pavement, eight miles by gravel. Others of the troupe found nice accommodations here, too. Director King has a nice room in a beautiful white house, commanding a grand view of the little town and the majestic hills. (They're called mountains down here, but I mustn't take the word too seriously. In California we have mountains that are *really* colossal.)

The rest of the troupe got in by train today, Hank Fonda, Donlevy, Nancy Kelly, Randy Scott, and the rest. The entire Ozark country gathered at the little brick station in Noel to welcome them. Sidney Brown, our company business manager, had come ahead of us and had been busy throughout this region for weeks, hunting out places for the troupe to find room and board. They are all comfortably located, now, though scattered over the countryside. Our hosts are extremely hospitable. My own landlord tells me they've been having pretty hard times down this way—the arrival of our company was an economic Godsend—but there is no talk of defeat, no crying of the blues and no whining.

August 29th

Actual filming started today. Our first scenes were made on the "old Crowder farm." It's a small place, run by the widow Crowder, who is one of the kindest people I've met. The place offers so much scenically that George Barnes, our ace cameraman who is a veteran of many scenic locations in his time, broke down and turned on the exclamations. Naturally, Duke Green, our technicolor cameraman, was all het up about the color possibilities and had his camera set up in record time. It got pretty hot during the day, so Mrs. Crowder dipped up a big wooden bucket of clear, cold spring water for us. I've never had wine that tasted better, and the rest of us who worked today, Randy Scott, Hank Fonda, Brian Donlevy and Nancy Kelly agreed with me. The work seemed to me to go pretty well, and when the end of the day came Henry King had a big smile on his face. That means he's satisfied! I hope we can keep it up. King is a great guy and it's because of folks like him and Darryl Zanuck that I have learned to get over the haunting taste of beans, coffee and pie—which I got on the cuff in a New York beanery, while waiting for a chance to get on the stage, which opened the patch to Hollywood. No, I can't ever forget that, and I'll be eternally grateful to those who gave me the opportunity to work for something more than beans and coffee.

August 30th—September 2nd

Mrs. Crowder's two grown-up sons went to work for us today as bit players. For a sequence in the film, we had to toss a bomb into a big, rambling farm house and set it afire. (Not actually, just smoke to simulate flames). It became the duty of the Crowder boys to help us form an old-fashioned bucket brigade to put out the fire in their own home. They told me how our business manager had leased the farm, put a new roof on the house since a new roof treated with Hollywood's special paint looked more ancient than their old roof, and how all the neighboring farmers had stood around while Hollywood workmen built a duplicate of a bedroom in the farmhouse back of the barn. It was here they had to film the death scene of my film mother, Jane Darwell.

Sheriff Bone and his hard-working deputies roped off the front yard and the barnyard of the farm so the crowds would know where to stand while we were filming. The crowds, by the way, instead of making noises and spoiling scenes, were as helpful and co-operative as humanly possible. I've never known folks so mobile and easy to manage. I haven't been on many locations (except for "Suez" and "Lloyds of London"), but I venture to say no veteran of the screen—or, for that matter, the stage, ever saw such well-mannered crowds. There were days when as many as 50,000 people watched us making a scene.

September 3rd

This is a special day on my calendar because I attended my first dance in Noel. It was at Shadow Lake where Mr. Marx Cheney runs a restful and picturesque resort. There is a big dance floor and dining room, overlooking crystal-clear Elk River. "Hank," Randy, Nancy, and the rest of us danced, not only among ourselves but with the girls of Noel. I've never been in a given area so crowded with good-looking girls before in my life. It's true we have beautiful girls in Hollywood, but they are brought there from every place in the world. In the Ozarks, they just come by it naturally. Beauty, here, is pretty unanimous. There are plenty of autograph seekers, but it's fun writing in their books, on scraps of paper, hats, pocketbooks or anything they happen to have handy, because they are so appreciative. But the crowds—and the town is always crowded, for a mile or two around Noel one has difficulty in finding parking room—never bother us during mealtime. They wait until we are through and then become one of us for the evening, doing their best to make our stay a pleasant and happy one.

September 4th

These next days are to be eventful ones. We're going to film the great train robbery and stage the big jail break from the little, old red-brick courthouse in Liberty, Mis-

souri. We won't be in Liberty, actually, but in Pineville, which looks today more like yesterday's Liberty than the modern town of Liberty does. It took considerable work to make the town look that way. We built a big hotel, saloon, marshall's office, newspaper building, took down all the telephone poles and lines and put the lines underground. Old-fashioned board sidewalks were built over concrete ones and, what will never cease to amaze the visitor to Pineville, to say nothing of its citizens, the town's pavement was buried beneath six inches of dirt. Only last December, after generations of living with dusty, dirt streets, Pineville proudly unveiled its paved streets. And just a few months later, Hollywood's miracle finger found it out (after Director King had flown over 15,000 miles in search for just such a colorful, unspoiled countryside as this) and put thousands of truckloads of dirt over the pavement. Of course everything will be restored. The only thing we will leave behind will be the money spent with the good folk of this region and the thousands that the tourists are bringing in while we are here.

September 5th

Henry King has an uncanny ability to discover and uncover things. Imagine finding a ten-mile stretch of railroad on the old Frisco line near Southwest City—eight miles from Noel! It was here he decided to film the great train robbery. King also discovered an old engine and three passenger cars that had been used in the time of the James Boys. They were all reworked, repainted and put in top condition for the filming. All this shop work was done in Little Rock.

I never will forget the thrill of standing atop the coal tender with two big single-action 45's in my hand while the old-fashioned train shook, swayed and rumbled down the track—all the while the technicolor camera was recording the scene. I kept thinking of that other time, years back, when Jesse James really held up a train, only a few miles from the exact spot where we were now re-enacting that scene in color. The roaring fire in the fire-box threw out a red-hot glare at every shovel of coal. I don't know whether it



Garbo, back to make more Hollywood films, meets the press, wearing a hair-do that hairdressers denounced as outrageously out of style, and heavy ribbed stockings.

was the actual heat or the memory of that other historical episode in the nation's development that made my heart pound harder and the heat seem intense, but while I stood there, today, swaying with each lurch of the engine, I was thrilled to my boots. I've always loved trains but this was the first time I ever had a chance to ride on top of one and look down into the cab where all the interesting gadgets are located, where the throttle sends the train plunging ahead, where the bell and whistle ropes are located. It awakened memories of my childhood when I wanted to be an engineer more than anything in the world. The smoke and cinders didn't bother me at all. I enjoyed every ounce of wind that slashed against my bandanna-covered face. Somehow, I didn't feel as if I were making a motion picture today. Instead, I was having the time of my life.

September 6th

Today we finished filming the train robbery. We had to rope off part of the track to keep the crowds back. There must have been more than 50,000 people packed against the ropes, just out of camera range. They came from almost every state in the Union, judging by their car licenses. Residents of the town of Southwest City rented their yards as parking lots and sold ice cold soda pop off their porches. When we moved on down the railroad several miles near a steep bluff, people, in high spirit of adventure and sport, tramped through the woods for four miles and came down a mountain side to watch the final holdup scenes. One enterprising farmer opened up a road through the woods by chopping out the undergrowth and then he charged 25 cents to drive down to the edge of the cliff.

A very pretty girl among the extra players (we used all local people for atmosphere rôles and brought two baggage carloads of costumes of the Jesse James period for this purpose), asked me if she could get on the train instead of being in that crowd that greeted the arrival of the first train to Liberty, Mo. (We were using Southwest City as Liberty for this purpose).

"You see," she said simply, "I've never been on a train in my life before and this is the first chance I have ever had."

Her charm was so compelling that I took her to Director King at once. "Why, bless your soul," he exclaimed, "I should say you *can* get on that train." Director King not only put her on the train, but placed her right in the background of a shot involving Randy Scott and Donald Meek. She had on a beautiful blue dress and blue bonnet. You might look for her in the picture. She was as happy as any person I have ever seen. I believe her "train ride" was as thrilling to her as my ride atop the swaying coal tender yesterday.

September 7th

Used 500 people today for the big jail break sequence. So Pineville was certainly bustling. Many old-timers told me nothing had stirred up the countryside so much since the Civil War and I believe them.

We only brought four Hollywood trained horses with us. The others we hired from various farmers throughout the region. We had to have an entire cavalry as the scene called for the town to be placed under martial law, and we had to break in the horses to stand at the hitching racks while guns were being fired. It didn't take them long to get used to the noise. Dad-blamed (you see I'm slipping into the true local color of the region) if I don't think those horses want to co-operate, like their masters have been doing right along. We shot pistols and muskets several times and then played the scene without any trouble.

We had to take every precaution because a horse can snap a bridle quickly and charge through a crowd, spreading havoc. We almost had that happen once on the Crowder farm when an automobile frightened one of the mounts who pulled down an old railing fence post and dashed madly about, with the railing thumping at the end of the tough reins. Jimmy Williams, a very clever horseman with our troupe, calmed the animal and removed the railing before anyone was hurt.



Roland Young and Constance Bennett, up to more mischief in "Topper Takes A Trip."

September 8th

Day off today. Drove to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to see the sights. Tulsa is a fine, modern, bustling city, located about 120 miles away from here. It was a swell ride, over good roads. Imagine my shock when I arrived there to discover that I had forgotten my money and had to make a telephone call back to Noel. I had a nickel to get the operator with in a pay booth, but when I wanted to put through a collect call the operator asked, "Who's calling?"

"Tyrone Power," I said.

"Quit your fooling," she said, "I'm a busy person. Give me your name and I'll put the call through."

I tried to explain, but the more I talked, the more complicated it became. By that time, the other operators were enjoying the conversation until one said, "It is Tyrone Power. I recognize his voice. I'd know it anywhere." Then I heard them laugh.

She insisted and put the call through for me. I learned her name, that she lived at Sands Spring, Oklahoma, and when I got back to Noel I invited her up to dinner as my guest. She came up and we had a grand evening, dining and dancing at the Shadow Lake resort. She had dances with some of the other boys, too. I wrote her a letter on my stationery thanking her for such a charming and thoroughly delightful evening. I also gave her an autographed picture, in fair exchange, for I demanded one of hers. And one arrived by the next mail.

September 9th—15th

You just can't hold up a movie company, even with rain! while we had had some fine weather to make our technicolor shots, the sky suddenly clouded up the other day and we had a heavy shower. The shower didn't last long but during the rain we continued filming. Robert Webb, first assistant director to King, had made plans accordingly. You may remember that Webb, who has been Henry King's assistant on almost all of his recent pictures, won the Award from the Academy of Motion Pic-

ture Arts and Sciences this year for his work as an assistant director on "In Old Chicago."

We filmed in a "cover set," an interior scene that can be filmed regardless of the outside weather. The particular scene was my first love scene with Nancy Kelly. I had just robbed the train, doubled back after eluding the posse and called on Nancy at her uncle's newspaper office. Her uncle is *Col. Cobb* (Henry Hull). I was caught in the office by United States Marshall Randolph Scott, who pretends not to recognize me, but gives me a none too veiled warning to leave that neck of the woods or be prepared to shoot it out at the next meeting. We had a swell time playing that scene. When the rain got too loud on the roof, we covered it with soft, absorbing canvas to deaden the noise and went right on acting.

While we filmed this and other interior scenes, the crowds continued to visit the sets. We had a lot of fun talking to the various people about the country, their problems, what they thought of pictures. I'm sure we all profited as much for our talks with them as they did watching us play our scenes for "Jesse James." During occasional showers, we would let the people stand on the porches and under what cover we had. Others brought their own umbrellas and stood patiently in the rain to watch us. It's kind of touching, such devotion, and is bound to make us feel a little humble.

September 15th

Hank Fonda and I went fishing today. We both threw out lines over the rowboat gunwhale into the sparkling clear waters of the Elk River, bedded with gravel and huge slabs of clean, limestone rocks, while the banks are beautiful white cliffs. I rowed awhile and kept a weather eye on the line, but my vigil was unrewarded. Hank had more luck, however, for suddenly his cork was jerked under with a splash. Hank grabbed the line and started to tug. I was busy rowing the boat and just at that time the boat *would* have to spring a leak. I started bailing frantically while Fonda fought with the fish. We both won—I kept the boat from sinking in midstream while Hank landed a beautiful seven-pound channel catfish. We didn't get to do any more fishing because the telephone at nearby Shadow Lake resort rang and we were called back to the set for another scene.

September 16th

We're on our way back to Hollywood with most of the scenes we wanted safely in the can. Throughout our stay we worked every day except for the one I got off to go to Tulsa. We were up every morning at 4:30 or 5:00, had breakfast, made up, donned our costumes and were on the set at Pineville or the Crowder Farm eleven miles away by 8 A. M. We worked straight through until six or seven every night, depending upon the sun. It was grand fun, every minute of it, for all of us. In the end we left because the crowds, though very sensible and reasonable, just got too big. Traffic was tied up, business was at a standstill, and standing crops were getting trampled, so we had to pull up stakes and get back to Hollywood. We leave, I think, with nothing but happy memories, of the place, the people and of the work we managed to get done there. My only hope is that the people we lived with and among during the filming of "Jesse James" will always remember how much their rich and charming hospitality has meant to the entire troupe. Now we're all on tenterhooks, waiting to see how that beautiful scenery shows up in technicolor. Bet it'll be swell!

Life's a Whirl!



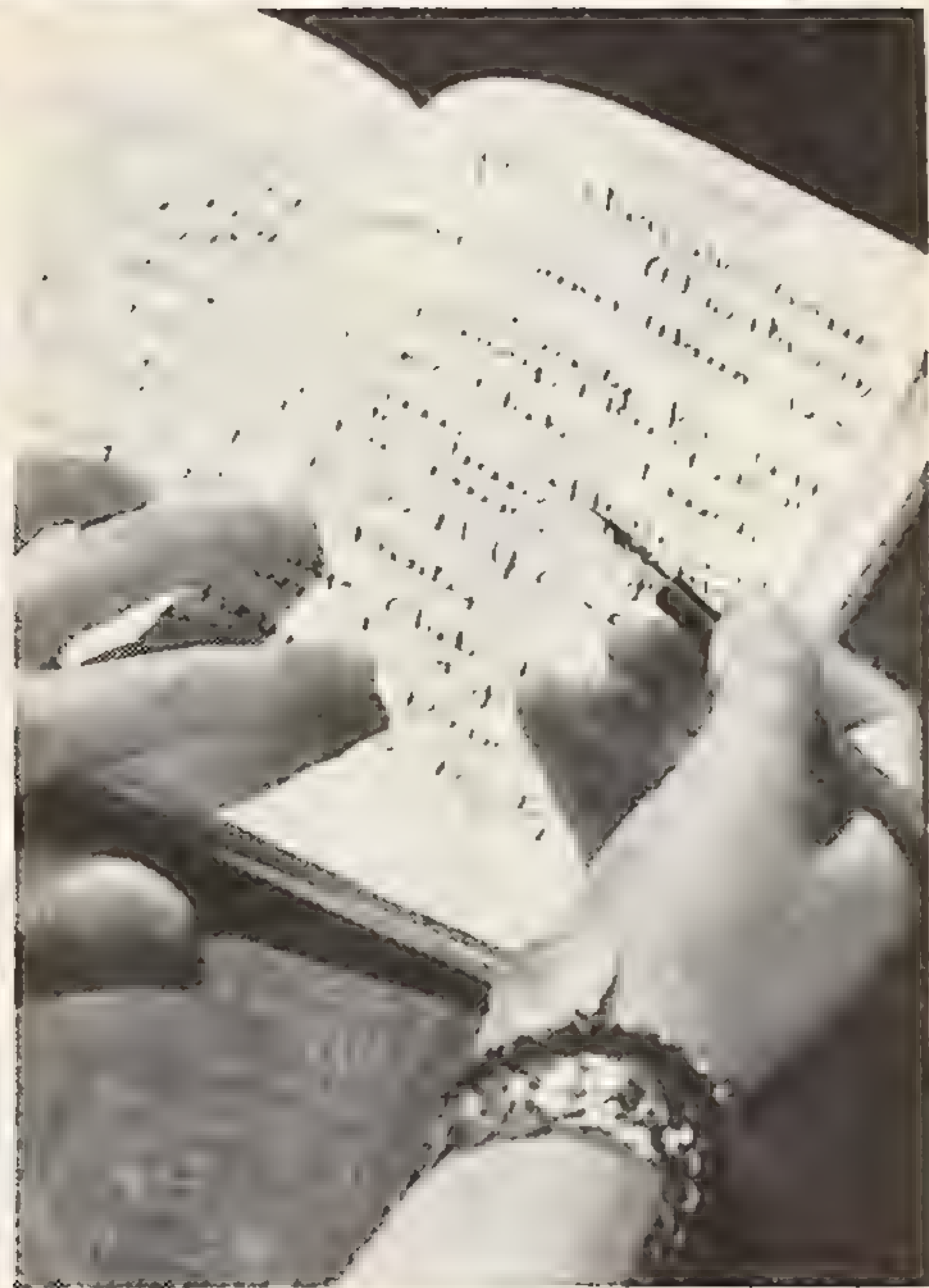
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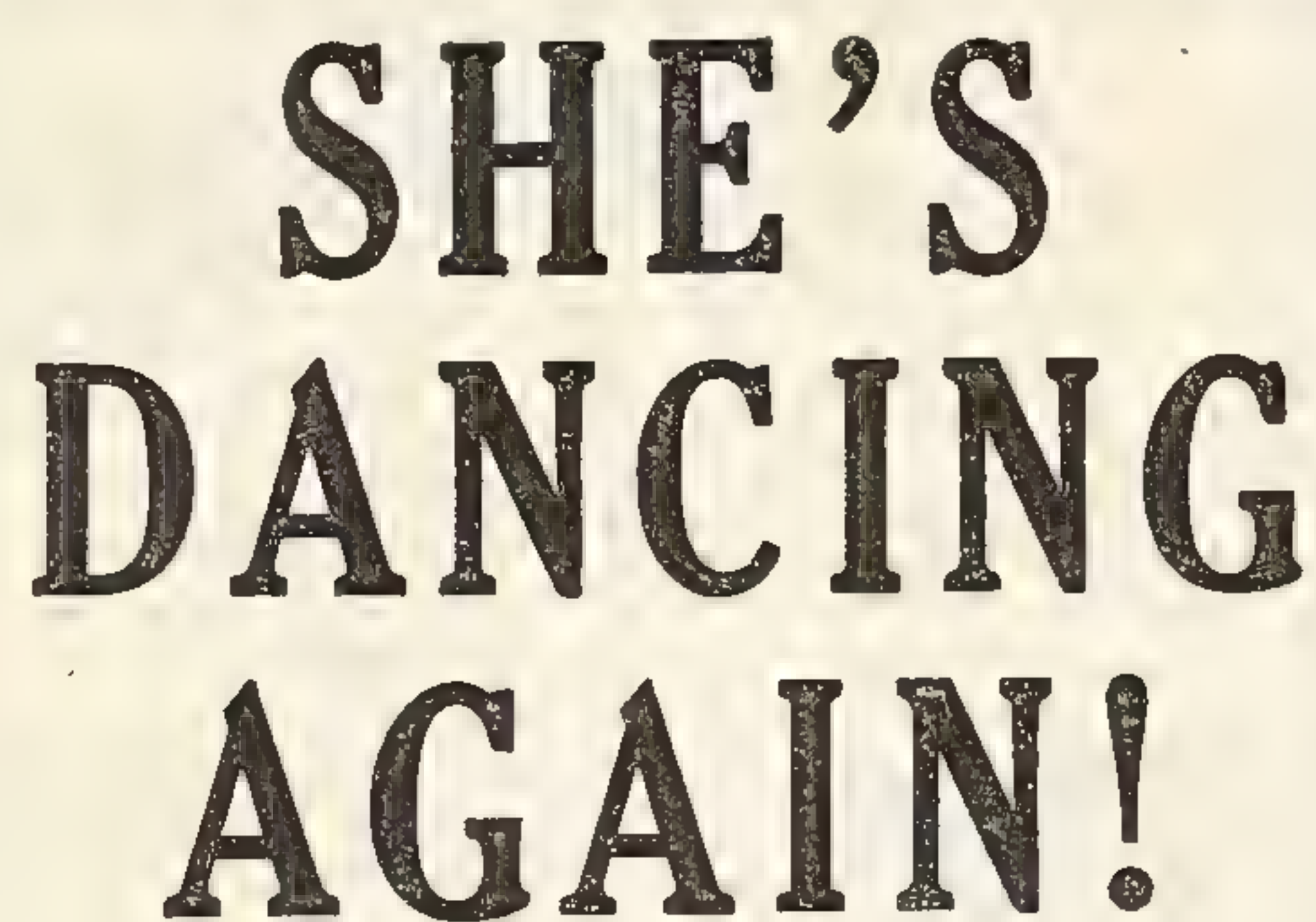
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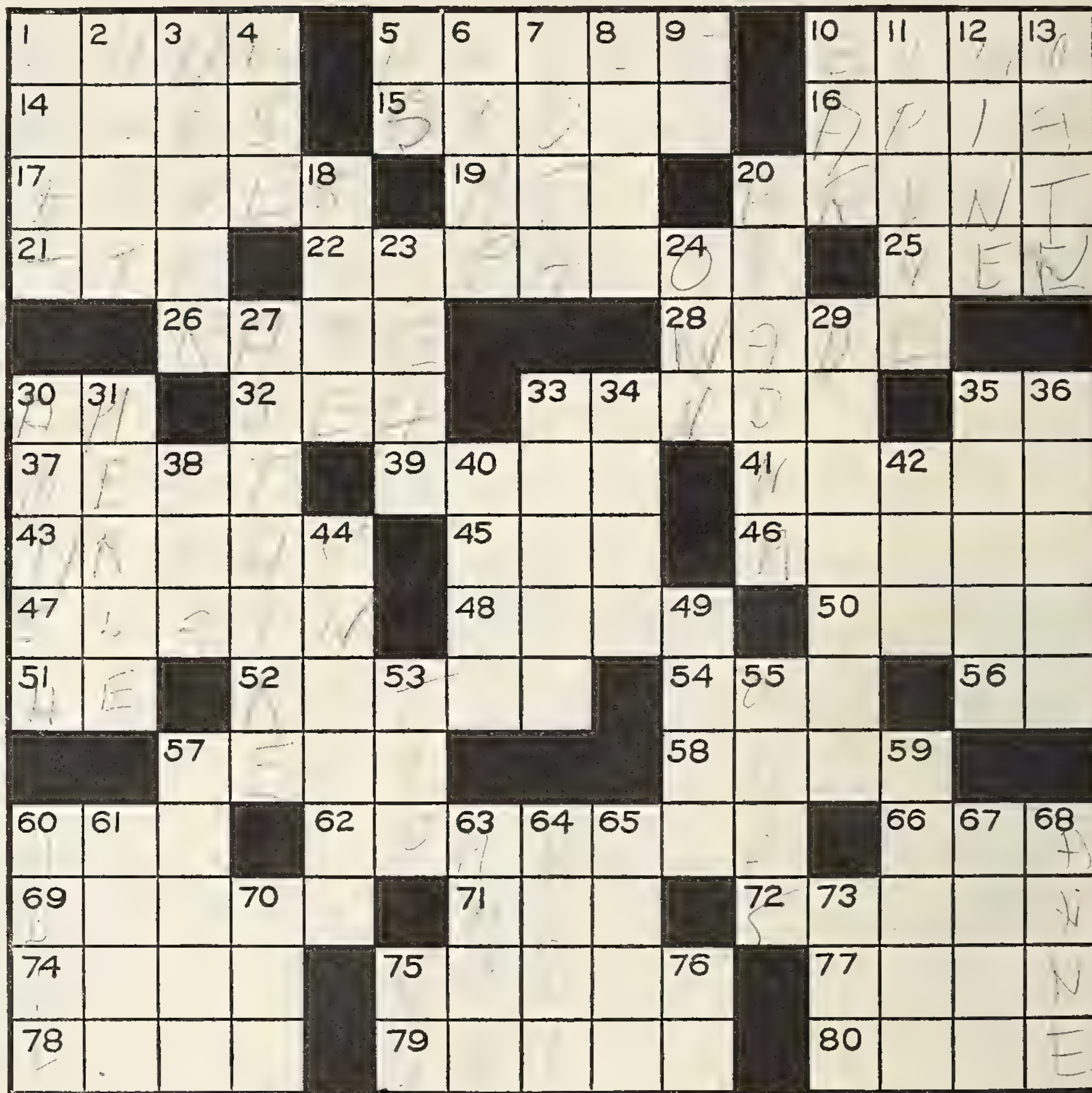
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

- ACROSS
1. She's a famous screen "brat"
 5. She sings in "Alexander's Rag-time Band"
 10. He sings in "Sing, You Sinners"
 14. Is indebted
 15. Wicked Biblical city
 16. Solo
 17. Roof edges
 19. By
 20. His new one is "Secrets of an Actress"
 21. Caustic solution
 22. This dancer is featured in "Honolulu"
 25. Born
 26. Unusual
 28. To walk in water
 30. "I ——— the Law," with Edward G. Robinson
 32. Ocean
 33. "The Mad Miss Manton" is his new one
 35. He's married to Ruby Keeler
 37. A vegetable
 39. Blond
 41. An attendant for the sick
 43. Tapestry
 45. She's Mrs. Bing Crosby
 46. She's one of "The Sisters"
 47. Killed
 48. Otherwise
 50. Accepted
 51. That man
 52. Estimated
 54. Grief
 56. Railway (abbrev.)
 57. The leading man in a movie
 58. His new one is "Sweethearts"
 60. A high card
 62. Star of "Made For Each Other"
 66. Greek letter
 69. One of the "Sinners In Paradise"
 71. Everyone
 72. "——— of the North," a movie
 74. Paradise
 75. Put words on paper

DOWN

77. Ireland
78. Three of the "Four Daughters" are named this
79. Praise
80. Poker term

DOWN

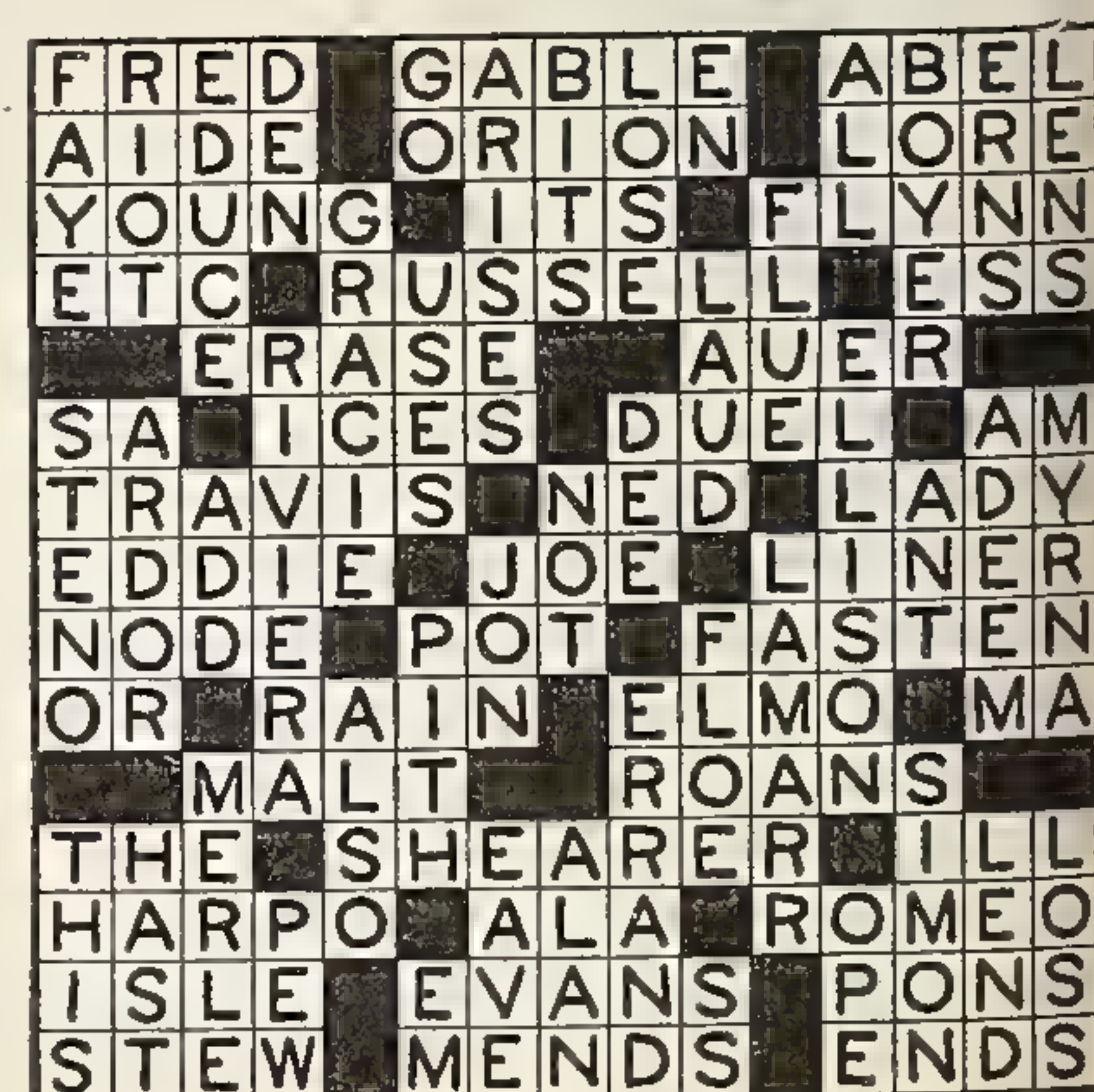
1. He's featured in "Youth Takes a Fling"
2. Absent
3. Not ever
4. Compass point (abbrev.)
5. Like
6. To stride along
7. A thought
8. A vegetable
9. Printers' measure
10. To exclude
11. She returns to the screen in "That Certain Age"
12. A number
13. Entrance
14. Dried up
20. Her new one is "Say It In French"
23. Part of a plant
24. Has
27. Co-star of "Carefree"
29. Cowed
30. To embarrass
31. The lady in "The Cowboy and The Lady"
33. She's featured in "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation"
34. Natural metals
35. She's featured in "Listen Darling"
36. Not water tight (as a pipe)
38. Epoch
40. On the sheltered side
42. River, in a Spanish version
44. Tangles
49. Jug
53. "—— Hot to Handle," a movie
55. Betting advantages

57. She's married to Fred Perry, the tennis star
59. Long for
60. The prosecutor in "Racket Busters"
61. Finale, in a piece of music
63. There are three of this name in "Room Service"
64. Ink smear
65. A woman's voice register
67. To tease
68. She's featured in "A Man to Remember"
70. Compass point (abbrev.)
73. Vegetable
75. You and I
76. He's famous for Swede comic rôles

**Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle**

F	R	E	D		G	A	B	L	E		A	B	E	L
A	I	D	E		O	R	I	O	N		L	O	R	E
Y	O	U	N	G		I	T	S		F	L	Y	N	N
E	T	C		R	U	S	S	E	L		E	S	S	
				E	R	A	S	E			A	U	E	R
S	A		I	C	E	S		D	U	E	L		A	M
T	R	A	V	I	S		N	E	D		L	A	D	Y
E	D	D	I	E		J	O	E		L	I	N	E	R
N	O	D	E		P	O	T		F	A	S	T	E	N
O	R		R	A	I	N		E	L	M	O		M	A
			M	A	L	T			R	O	A	N	S	
T	H	E		S	H	E	A	R	E	R		I	L	L
H	A	R	P	O		A	L	A		R	O	M	E	O
I	S	L	E		E	V	A	N	S		P	O	N	S
S	T	E	W		M	E	N	D	S		E	N	D	S

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



—They Smell

Continued from page 19

preferably Graves, is served with them. But most passionate snail consumers prefer to skip the dinner and just sit down to a big platter of snails, a loaf of French bread, and a bottle of wine.

SNAILS COLBERT

Mix thoroughly one quarter cup of finely chopped parsley and one clove of very finely chopped garlic into one half pound of butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Scald the shells. Put a small quantity of the butter mixture into snail shell and insert the snail. In the larger shells you put two snails. Fill the remaining cavity of the shell with more of the butter mixture. Then put the filled shells in the oven and heat thoroughly. They are served hot.

In the homes of the *haute monde* you are given a little silver fork with which to extract the snail from the shell, otherwise toothpicks will serve the purpose, and serve it well. But even in the homes of the *haute monde* it is perfectly permissible to drink the juice left in the shell, and to dunk bread into the buttery, garlicky sauce.

Now if you know anything at all about garlic (and if you have ever ridden on the Third Avenue L in New York you know a lot about garlic) you know that a clove of it is a goodly bit and can let off a powerful smell. And when you have eaten it, you too have a powerful smell for the next twenty-four hours. I began to wonder if this million dollars' worth of glamor around Miss Colbert's table realized how they were going to smell the next day.

"If any writers come near you girls tomorrow," I said, exulting in being one of the common people, "they'll have every right to print, 'She stinks.' Who said, 'You Can't Take It With You?'" Caustic cracks were made about my lack of wit, but I could see I had those cinema stars worried. It was immediately decided that we could not go to the preview of "The Sisters" because if we blew our breath around any of his pictures Jack Warner would never forgive us. Merle had kissing scenes to do with Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady" early the next morning, to be followed by an interview at noon. Norma had two interviews with foreign correspondents, and Mr. Mayer.

Then Merle remembered the exhibitors from the East and Sam Goldwyn, Norma remembered the dentist and a dinner dance the next night at the Trocadero, and I remembered my "Alice in Wonderland."

"But the snail replied too far, too far, and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly but he would not join the dance."

I don't remember much after that. I think a Glamor Girl hit me. Well, that was all several weeks ago now and the girls have stopped smelling and are going along nicely being great big glamorous movie stars again. Of course they haven't quite as many fans as they used to have—Merle lost that whole batch of eastern exhibitors, and Norma lost two foreign correspondents, a hairdresser, a fitter, a manicurist. Her children stood by her bravely. Gary Cooper is going to have a law passed about leading ladies, and the *Messieurs* Goldwyn and Mayer think they may have to insert an anti-garlic clause into future contracts. Claudette doesn't have to think up ways to kill time any more as she has to be on the set of "Midnight" every morning by eight thirty. Merle and Norma feel that it was so sweet of Claudette to give that snail dinner, but they are awfully happy she can't give any more for at least 8 weeks.



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DAINTIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!

AND WHAT LUCK
FOR ME THAT I
LEARNED ABOUT
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...THE NICER WAY
TO GUARD AGAINST
BODY ODOR!



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LATHER REMOVES DIRT
AND COSMETICS SO
THOROUGHLY,
LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH
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Her Year of Exile

Continued from page 51

to sit in a rocking chair between scenes and knit. I had to keep busy every second to keep my mind off my own problems. The minute I'd allow myself to think about it too much I'd get upset for the day. The rocking chair episode started out as a joke. The first day the prop men saw me knitting, they sent for an old-fashioned rocker and put my name on it. It remained on the set so I sat in it. But I made the mistake of allowing the publicity men to photograph me.

"Now that I think back on it, if I wasn't in a scene, I was *always* in that chair. And I was *always* knitting away like mad! Then the 'Annie' thing started. People have always called me Annie when they liked me. It never occurred to me that I was growing into a 'Annie' personality, until that Open Letter brought home the truth."

During that one year of retirement, Ann made many changes in her life. While visiting her husband, Roger Pryor, who was playing at the Baker Hotel in Dallas Texas, Ann discovered a ten year old boy, one of a family of eleven. The boy's mentality and personality so appealed to Ann, she asked permission to bring him back to Hollywood and give him his chance in the world. So young David is being given a good schooling and a musical education. Already he shows unmistakable talent for developing into a brilliant pianist. He's been more than a companion for Ann, while Roger is conducting his band somewhere across the country. As Ann expresses it: "He actually has filled a great emptiness in my life. I can only say, until one has known the complete joy and comfort of a child's love, one of the greatest blessings in life have been missed."

Ann's next move was to move into a smaller house in a less pretentious neighborhood. At her own insistence all social activity ceased. Of course her friends wanted to know why. But it was hard to explain that she wanted to get closer to herself, to live within her own confining walls and discover what it is that happens to people in Hollywood. She wanted to analyze the psychological thing that had happened to her and map out a completely new design for living. She wanted time to pass, time to think in, time to allow people to forget all about those uninspired pictures. Among other things, Ann suddenly came to the realization that she was a very lonely person. And there is no other place in the world more devastating than Hollywood at a time of loneliness. It's especially true of a person who is right in the midst of things, yet in reality not playing an active part. Ann has always given the impression of being a self-sufficient, independ-

ent person. Those who have known her for years have never heard her complain. Ann never wears her problems on her sleeve, never unburdens herself to her friends. And yet she herself is such a push-over for a sob story. People who only know Ann as the delightful comedienne who sparkles so decoratively on the screen, have no idea as to the depth of her true self. Ann Sothorn is truly one of the most genuine persons in a town of superficial souls.

It is necessary for any girl in Hollywood and especially a movie star, to have an escort. Rather than ask a friend to accompany her places and start separation rumors, before her exile Ann found herself arriving at Hollywood parties alone. After a long weary day on the set, Ann found herself back home again—alone. Perhaps it had been a particularly weary day. Maybe an unkind review on a picture, a columnist visiting the set and asking what was happening to her career. These things hurt deeply. Being a person who has always taken pride in her work, Ann held these things inside herself and sank a bit more into a mire of despair.

When the studio asked her to play a small and unimportant rôle in "Joy of Living" (the part eventually played by Lucille Ball) Ann could stand it no longer. She had always tried to be fair. Now she couldn't take it. She insisted on having her release. With business conditions so bad, the studio finally gave in. The day following her release, Ann received offers from 20th Century-Fox and the Columbia studios, where she first started off to fame. But she knew there were many things to be adjusted, before she started acting again.

Recently Ann completed her first return rôle in "Trade Winds." In this picture you will see a new and different Ann Sothorn who will amaze you. Joan Bennett and Fredric March are the stars of the picture, but many believe that Ann comes close to walking away with the honors. Part of her new campaign is to get good parts, regardless of their size. When Walter Wanger handed her the script and Ann at last discovered a good character part, a super-elegant bottle-nipping secretary, she leaped at the chance. In "Trade Winds," the legion of Sothorn fans will be delighted with Ann's slender figure, her beauty which is even more pronounced, and her delightful comedy that she plays for all it is worth. The director of the picture is telling people that he has discovered a "new star" and special added scenes were written to feature Ann. Of course all this lavish praise got back to her ears. But Ann just listened politely, smiled sweetly, and said nothing. Knowing too well the fallacy of fame, Ann isn't counting her closeups before they are shown.

That Ann has found herself again, that something important has happened to her in the year she's been away, is all too apparent. Her sense of humor is very keen these days, which is always a good healthy sign within itself. "I'll ki-i-i-ll the first person who starts calling me 'Annie' again!" she kids. "Unless it's an old friend or the boys on the set who always treat me like one of the gang. I wouldn't have them change for anything in the world. The publicity man who catches me knitting and rocking will receive a handsome reward. I'm getting up every morning at seven and playing golf. I'm going to parties again with friends, regardless of what might be said. I know now it was good for me to remain alone. But enough is enough. I think I'm going to have a chance to do good work on the screen and make up for all I went through in the past. I'm very grateful and encouraged about it all. Hollywood can certainly teach a very bitter lesson. But I guess it's worth it—if you can live through it!"

At the Rodeo

Continued from page 23

in section "R" I looked with horror, first, and then with admiration on my first rodeo. Team Roping and Tying (Animals roped and tied by two hind legs in the same manner as cowboys handle a critter on the range for branding) and Bulldogging (Wrestling with a steer which is one of rodeo's most dangerous events) might sound awfully dull to you, but believe me, it's the most exciting thing I've ever seen. Whew, do those cowboys take chances! But fortunately they rarely get hurt. Behind me Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott, said to be engaged, were discussing slick fork saddles and flanking calves like a couple of old cowhands from the Rio Grande. I nearly died of envy. Seeing Nancy Carroll and Charlie Grayson, also said to be engaged, in the grandstand nearby I moved over to visit with them, thinking that a New York gal like Nancy wouldn't know much about Brahma bulls and such. But she knew enough to go out there and rope a few steers herself. Sitting nearby were the Allan Joneses (Irene Hervey) and Bob and Betty Young goggled-eyed with excitement. Bob and Allan have just gone into the horse business as a sideline, but I don't think their little women will let them do any bareback bronco riding any time soon. "Look at those boys ride," Bob yelled. "Ride 'em cowboy, ride 'em! Say, they can do better without a saddle than I can do with a saddle."

They have a cute little custom at the rodeo of naming horses after the celebrities present, and you can't imagine what a start it gives you to hear Abe Lefton, the announcer shout, "Hold your hats, folks, here comes Swede Londo riding Shirley Ross." And, "Look out everybody, here comes Izzie Cook riding Clara Bow." And, "Hold everything, here's Bob Hitchcock riding Charlie Winner."

Also in the grandstand urging on the cowboys and consuming quantities of hot dogs and coca-colas were Edgar Bergen with Jane Stanton (Jane is the Pacific Coast Girls Tennis Champ and a very pretty blonde), Gene Autry, Clara Bow, Harry Langdon, Tex Ritter, Harry Carey, Shirley Ross and her new husband Ken Dolan, Bobbie Jordon of the "Dead End" Kids, Beverly Roberts with Herb Perry of the Walt Disney studio, Charlie Winner, John Payne, Irvin S. Cobb, Hedda Hopper and Billie Burke.

Edgar Bergen (he must have given the slip to Charlie) and Shirley Ross "dressed" for the occasion. It looked very much like Western Costume Company. Edgar brought Jane, Nancy, Shirley, Charlie Grayson and Ken Dolan down in his limousine with chauffeur—and I am sure the forty-niners would have looked askance at that. If Charlie McCarthy had been there he would have taken one look at Bergen all done up in his pretty new cowboy suit and said with the sneer of a McCarthy, "Get a load of Bergen. Woo-Woo!"

After the rodeo every one who can get inside gathers at the Green Spot which is the town's local saloon, but it will serve coca-cola on request. Here "Jackie" plays the piano while the cowboys and cowgirls strut their stuff. What an old smoothie the Lambeth Walk is when compared with the Cowboy Walk. By the way, those cowboys all come from the cattle ranches and the "dude" ranches near Victorville, and are some very handsome guys. As a matter of fact I am beginning to understand the great popularity of the "dude" ranch. I guess I have been too effete Eastern.

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Great Women of Motion PicturesContinued from page 55

means that Hollywood will be looking for new writers to turn them out.

We were talking about the text book the other day. "I'm convinced that in the next two or three years about eighty percent of the motion pictures produced will be stories written exclusively for the screen," she said. "After all, there are just so many successful plays and novels, not nearly enough to supply the Hollywood demand for material. And even at that a great many of them are unsuitable to the screen. Movie censorship is so much stricter than stage or book censorship—it has to be. Movies play to a much larger audience, not only of grown-ups but children as well.

"Novels usually necessitate a lot of changes before they become picture material. And these changes are often resented by people who loved the book and do not realize that what made good reading could make pretty dull motion picture fare if followed too literally. Books and even plays depend so much on their psychological values while action is life to pictures.

"Another reason novels are so often resented in their transition to the screen is that readers are so apt to visualize the hero and heroine and often resent the stars playing them because they are so different from their own preconceived pictures of them. Just think of the Hollywood headaches that would have been prevented if 'Gone With The Wind' had been an original story, *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler* would have been cast long ago. But because the millions of readers of that amazing best-seller have formed their own pictures of *Scarlett* and *Rhett* not to speak of *Melanie* and all the other characters, the casting has resolved itself into a Hollywood crisis."

Frances Marion has always been in the lead of any new picture trend. Her "Secret Six" was the first gangster picture, her "Big House" the first important prison production. After these came the avalanche of gangster and prison stories. As a maker of stars she is almost without equal. It was she who first saw possibilities in the tall, lanky cowboy hanging around the Goldwyn lot and insisted Gary Cooper should be given the lead in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." And it was she who picked Clark Gable, another unknown, for the rôle of the newspaper man in her "Secret Six" that sent him skyrocketing to fame. She gave Wallace Beery's career a new impetus when she fought, with practically the whole studio before they would agree with her that he was the actor to play *Butch* in "The Big House."

And it was Frances Marion who gave Marie Dressler to the screen—and the way she went about it tells more about Frances herself than almost anything else I could tell you about her. I knew what she was up to when I saw "Let Us Be Gay," one of her first talkies. You see, I know Frances so well and know how subtle she can be when she is doing one of those grand, generous things she is always up to. For Marie Dressler was in that picture, playing the old dowager, a rôle that had been more or less unimportant in the stage version but which had been built up so in the picture that Marie practically stole it. Then a few months later the same thing happened in "Anna Christie."

You all know the result. Marie Dressler's greatest fame came because of those parts. But you would have to know Frances and know the selfless devotion she had always felt for Marie to see the whole picture. I knew the story. Years ago when I first met Frances at the old World Film studios I saw one of the grandest friendships I've ever been privileged to see. Marie Dressler was a comedienne then, one of the best the stage or screen has ever known,

and Frances wrote some of those grand early comedies of hers. When the years seemed to leave Marie defeated and forgotten Frances was determined to help her. And she knew the only help Marie would accept would be the chance to work. So Frances persuaded the studio to cast Marie as the dowager in the one and the blowsy harridan in the other and then she built up the rôles. They weren't written in ink, those characterizations. They were written in love and devotion and loyalty. She wrote all of Marie's pictures after that just as at an earlier day she had written all of Mary Pickford's biggest successes.

It was back in the days when studios were paying anything from ten to fifty dollars for original stories and scenario writers were making seventy-five dollars a week tops that she struck for the giddy price of two hundred and fifty dollars a week and got it. It was scarcely two years later after the tremendous success of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" which she had written for Mary Pickford that Frances Marion electrified Hollywood and made headlines all over the world by signing a writing contract with Famous Players at fifty thousand dollars a year. And that was only the beginning.

Yet money, as money, means little to Frances. She is prodigal in her generosity and those closest to her have to watch her like a hawk to keep her from giving away everything she makes. Begging letters are kept away from her now. They have to be for her own protection. And sometimes I wonder if people writing so glibly to celebrities they have never met asking for assistance could know how impossible it is to meet all those demands and how unhappy it makes the recipients of the letters because they can't, if they would, keep on doing it. When I was visiting her out in that lovely Eighteenth Century English house of hers I didn't dare admire anything in it as much as I wanted to. I was afraid if I did I'd find the whole house wrapped up in tissue paper and deposited on my doorstep Christmas morning! For I thought of the friend who made a complimentary remark about her silver at the luncheon table the day I arrived. "Do you like it?" Frances said. "Why don't you take some of it? I've got much more than I need." She began gathering silver from the sideboard drawers and I'll never forget the gratitude of the friend when Mathilde, the kindly despot who was then in charge of the Marion dining room, interrupted her hastily. "But Miss Marion, we'll need the silver for the dinner party tonight."

And I won't forget her secretary coming back from the hospital after the automobile accident we were in when Frances was hurt so badly we could only hope she would recover. There were tears in the girl's eyes as she typed out the instructions Frances had given her as she was being prepared for the operating room.

They made three typewritten pages, those instructions. "Don't forget the milk for such and such a family and the flowers for so and so and see if the Dash's rent is paid and call up that magazine about the story Elizabeth is doing on Marie Dressler (we had been discussing it just before the accident), get that boy who was Marie's secretary down for a few weeks, you'll need help anyway and he can give her all the information she needs as it might be so long before I'll be able to that it will hurt the sale of the story." And so on and on without one word about Frances herself.

But the next morning we had to rush out and buy her a new supply of the frivolous little bed jackets she adores because we discovered she had given every last one of her own supply away. When I was allowed to see her just after she had

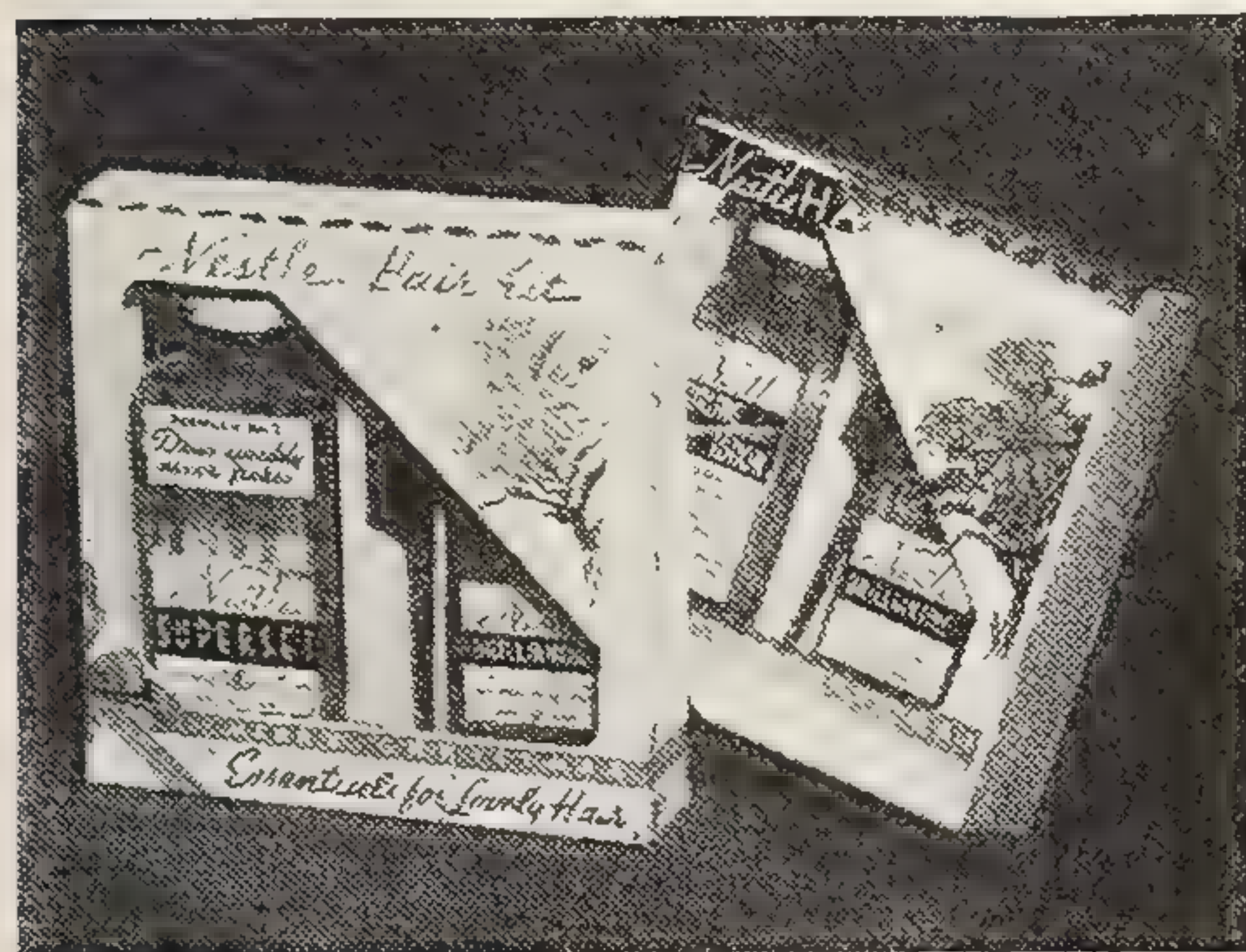
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Above, for bath beauty, she will like Hudnut's Du Barry soap chest, or that dainty jar of fragrant bath crystals. Below, the tourist will adore Kleinert's roomy kit; large center space, two outside fitted pockets. A real boon to travelers.



come off the danger list I found her propped up in bed, her badly smashed shoulder eased by pillows, pencil in hand and bed strewn with papers. Much to her doctor's apprehension she was working on a novel. She was smiling that impish smile of hers as she waved at the flower-crowded room. "Looks like a smash hit, doesn't it?" she giggled. Then later she spoke about her shoulder that was so badly crushed it had to be wired together. "I'm just a marionette," she punned. "All strung with wires."

There are people who say Frances was born with the proverbial gold spoon. Certainly she was born with a bright array of talents to choose a career from. For she could have been an artist, a pianist, or a singer. But on the other hand the very diversity of these talents could just as well have stopped her from achieving success in any one of them. Too many potential geniuses have lived out their days as charming dilettantes. So I'd say if anything it was her urge to work that proved to be her gold spoon rather than her talents, great as they are. She started as an artist in San Francisco where she was born. They were gay days up there on Telegraph Hill where she had her studio along with all the other young Bohemians of the city. One of the artists who knew her then told me that Frances showed the greatest promise of any of them, even though she was only a kid in her teens. But she wasn't content as the rest of them were with dreaming of future success in the fine arts. She didn't believe in going hungry. So she set out and got herself some commercial work to do, much to the criticism of the others who felt real art was above such petty necessities as food and clothes and a roof over their heads. But their convictions didn't stand in the way of their eating the grand dinners Frances cooked for them.

That's how she came to Hollywood, or

rather Los Angeles, for at that time the glamorous movie town of today was a bleak, sparsely settled suburb. Laurette Taylor's stage hit "Peg of My Heart" was playing there and Frances had been given the commission to do the posters for the play. The movies were just beginning their struggle for importance and Frances was fascinated by her first glimpse of the make-shift studios. So she stayed to grow up with them, to work with them and do her tremendous share in making them what they are today. After all Frances has the blood of pioneers in her veins. Since the first men and women of her line to settle a new country came over here from Scotland and England the family has done its share in the making of American history. They fought in the Indian wars and in the Revolution and they cleared farms in a wilderness. The first wagon train carried some of them West and they did their share in the settling of California, knew the excitement of San Francisco during the gold rush. So maybe it isn't so strange that Frances became a pioneer too.

Most of the other pioneers are forgotten in Hollywood today. Of course some of them are remembered in a nostalgic sentimental way and occasionally one or the other of them will be thrown a little bouquet made up of type and graceful phrases in articles written about the old times. *Old times!* All of twenty years ago. Hollywood exaggerates time as much as it does everything else. But people seem to have forgotten that Frances was one of those pioneers. They never reminisce about her, the way they do about the others who tasted their glory with her. How can they, when they are too busy talking about what she is doing today and tomorrow and next year? For in a town of ever-shifting values Frances Marion seems as permanent as Hollywood Boulevard itself.

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Bette Davis' Broken Romance Continued from page 17

it immediately that Bette Davis, on completion of her picture, would go into court, her marital vacation becoming a legal separation.

Fantastic rumors were in circulation by this time. One was that Harmon Nelson, weary of his career-wife, had strayed into other fields where the lilies toil not—. Another rumor had it that Bette had fallen in love with Errol Flynn while the two were playing opposite each other in "The Sisters."

Walter Winchell stated over the radio that Bette Davis was about to marry a millionaire. He must have had Howard Hughes in mind. Bette never met Hughes but once—the night he sat at her table at the Tailwaggers' Ball.

Again I sought Bette to deny these ridiculous rumors, and to give me, as an old friend, a definite statement to clarify the situation. I still couldn't believe that, steeled as she was against Hollywood gossip in the beginning of her marriage, she would admit, after six years weathering the worst of the storm, that Hollywood was stronger than hers and Harmon Nelson's love. But Bette was willing to say even less than she had said to me before.

"I will not talk," she declared—this time in a determined tone. "Even if I should go into court, I shall not tell under any circumstances what has happened between Ham and me. It is our own personal affair."

Bette Davis is protecting something very sacred. Unlike stars we've known with pasts they wished to forget when they "arrived" in Hollywood, this New England girl brought with her proudly to Hollywood a college romance which had warmed and inspired her whole struggle for a foothold. Her mother—whom she calls "Ruthie"—stood back of Bette every step of the way, but Ham's love walked beside

her, a constant comfort and support.

Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson have loved each other for nearly twenty years, six of which they have been married. They were fellow students at Cushing Academy, where they began to call each other "Ham" and "Spuds." Bette had other romances, but lankey Harmon Nelson (who reminds me a lot of Jimmy Stewart) is the only one of Bette's beaux who ever really "got under her skin" as the family put it. She never forgot him during the years of separation—of struggle or success. However, for some time, Bette, the Hollywood Big Shot, was afraid of marrying Harmon Nelson, obscure orchestra-leader crooner. "I knew Ham and I belonged together," she said shortly after their elopement to Yuma in 1932. "But I was afraid of putting him in the position of being a star's husband."

She was prepared for a barrage of gossip. "I'm intelligent enough to comprehend that having become a movie personality, I'm on the traditional ride," she stated. "Success on the screen has a price. But there is one thing Hollywood cannot do to me. It cannot, arbitrarily, make me a divorcée just because that's the customary sequel to a Hollywood marriage!"

Bette shielded Harmon Nelson in every way possible. Do you know why she rented a house for \$75.00 a month on a neighborhood street in Hollywood, where nobody lived who was anybody in pictures? I'll tell you why! Because Harmon Nelson dared her to find a house that they would be willing to live in on his salary. She took the dare—not to keep Hollywood from calling Ham "Mr. Bette Davis"—but to cinch her own job as Mrs. Harmon Nelson. She knew that Ham would not spend one cent of her money!

Six months ago, the Nelsons surprised filmland by moving into a big Spanish-Californian house in Coldwater Canyon—a house built around a patio, with such starry accessories as a swimming pool, tennis court, but still as Cape Coddish in character as was their modest home on Franklin Avenue. This house is filled with Bette's antiques, samplers, convex mirrors, and her prized collection of Sandwich and Bristol glass.

Keeping up an extravagant Hollywood front had no appeal for the New England-born Nelsons. Harmon Nelson continued to pay the rent. By this time he had worked up by his own effort to an important position as executive in the firm of Rockwell-O'Keefe which handles musicians and orchestras. At no time did I ever see Bette and her husband at the Trocadero or any other night spots, with the exception of the Cocoanut Grove, where occasionally they went to dance. There was no glamor for them in night clubs which so long had been Ham's job. The Nelsons spent most of their evenings at home.

I arrived at their Coldwater Canyon home one night, just as they were finishing their simple dessert of chocolate pudding. Harmon had on a yellow sweater that matched the marigolds which had been cut from the garden and placed in a pewter bowl in the center of the maple tavern table. Bette wore comfortable cotton pajamas; gay flowered affairs. She had on socks and sandals. Her hair, which she had worn piled in curls in pompadour style for weeks during the making of "The Sisters," was enjoying a much needed behind-screen rest along with its owner. It hung down to her shoulders, straight as a poker. Her face was shiny and tan, minus make-up with the exception of lip-

stick. Yet I never saw Bette Davis look as attractive, or happier—funnier-looking, either, when—after we had gone into the den for coffee—she sat, crossing and uncrossing her legs, in her Grandmother LaFaver's chair covered in petit-point roses. Her mind works like a lightning conductor. She kept up a brilliant flow of conversation in that quick, onrushing throaty voice of hers. She's an exciting, fascinating person to me.

Harmon was always quiet when guests were around—let Bette do most of the talking. But he hardly took those big brown eyes of his off her face. He sat on the rug by the fire this night, surrounded by the Nelson dogs, a Doberman Pinscher, a Scotty, a Sealyham and two poodles. "Ham" and "Spuds" are dog crazy. Instead of putting on dog when they moved to the new estate, their chief reason was to have more room for their dog family. When Bette Davis became president of the Tailwaggers' Foundation, she adopted thousands more dogs.

It was quiet and peaceful in Coldwater Canyon. The Nelsons were getting a kick out of the crickets and the frogs. I could



Virginia Dabney, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., now in Hollywood, for Paramount.

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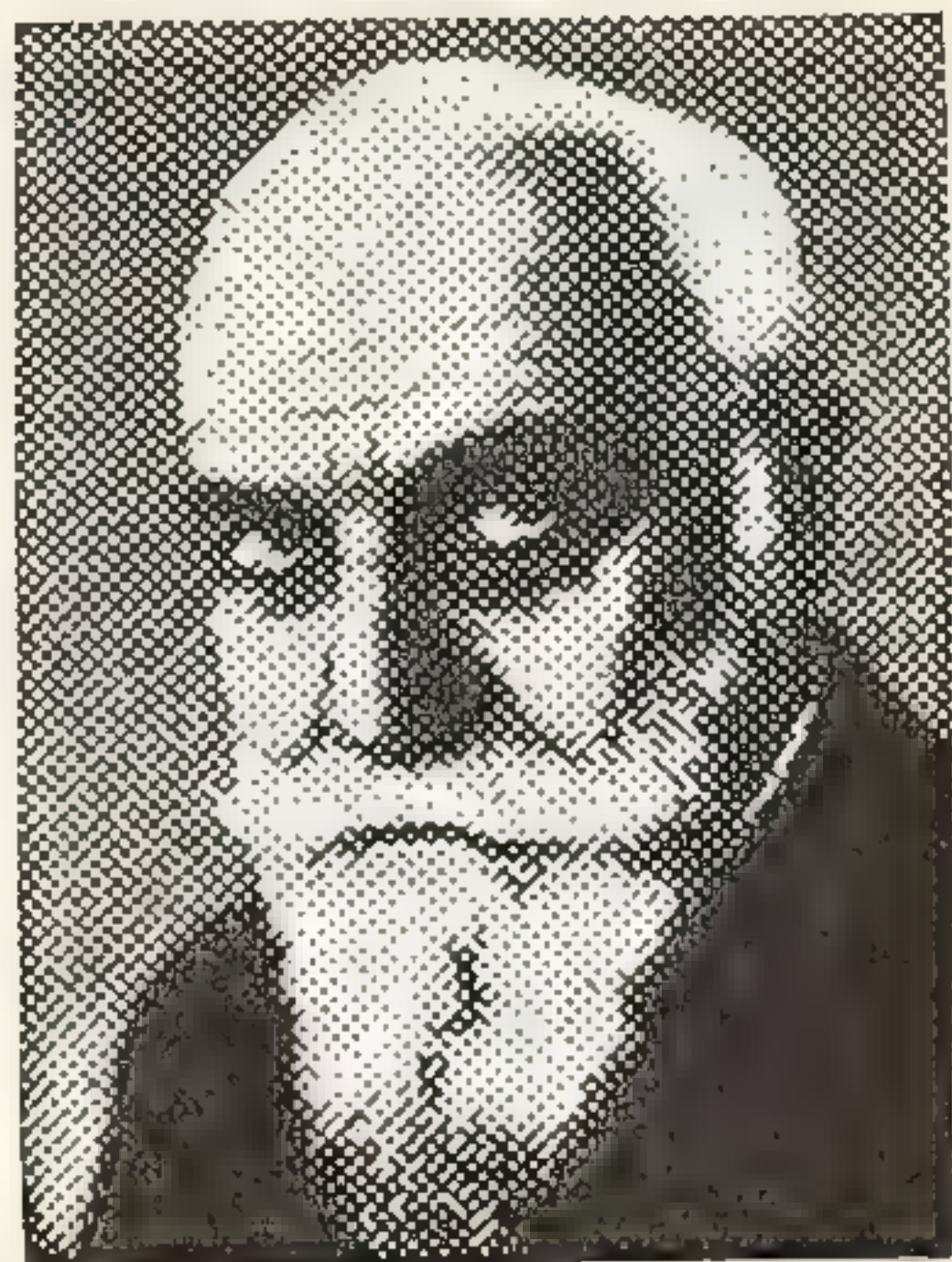
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hear their chorus above the ticking of the clock on the mantel. We took turns cracking nuts from a wooden bowl set up on three pegs, which once was a kneading bowl when bread was made in the kitchen instead of bakery. A typical evening was this for the home-loving Nelsons! His wife, his dogs and his fireside—*what more can a man ask for?*

More of the same thing! A motion picture career is a noisy merry-go-round where marriage becomes the brass ring one grabs for at intermittent whirling intervals. Inevitably, Hollywood must intrude. A Hollywood husband could not hope to dodge the spotlight of his wife's fame. I shan't forget the night Bette Davis won the Academy Award—she said it was the happiest occasion of her life, with one exception—her wedding day.

We were in a private room underneath the Biltmore Bowl in the hectic rush of getting the winner's photographs made in time for the papers. Upstairs in the Bowl, the cinema celebrities assembled wouldn't know for two hours who the winners were. In the midst of the excitement a tall young man in tails appeared at the door. Asked if he were a member of the press, he replied in the negative. "Who do you think you are, that you can get in here, then?"

"I'm just Bette Davis' husband," came the reply.

A little shiver ran up my backbone when I heard this. It was gone quickly, however, when I saw Bette run over two cameramen in her dash to the door. Nelson met her with a shy, proud grin.

"Just wanted to be the first to congratulate the top lady," he said, and stooped quickly to kiss his wife before a photographer realized what a rare candid shot he was missing.

Is Bette overly ambitious? After eighty-five per cent of the critics voted her the outstanding American actress on the screen, did she begin to take herself too seriously? Is it true what they say about "Jezebel" having gone to her head? The facts as I know them will answer these questions. Sure, Bette Davis is ambitious! Who wouldn't be, with her talent? But Bette's ambition doesn't run away with her to the home-breaking point. Didn't she actually go on record to say that marriage had developed her into a better actress?

Ham was the last person in the world to want her to quit her job in which she's perfected herself after years of hard work. He was always proud of Bette's progress as an actress. It was his custom to go alone to previews of her pictures—while she stayed at home as nervous as a kitten. When Ham came back from "Jezebel," his way of raving was to say, "Spuds, you've got something there!"

If it isn't the usual question of ambition and jealousy separating this Hollywood couple, is it the money that Bette Davis earns in excess of her husband? In Hollywood or Hoboken the money question is said to be the cause of more than half the divorces. The cash clash in Hollywood is tremendously aggravated. A motion picture star's salary is more than that of the President of the United States or the president of a steel corporation. It is galling to any he-man husband to realize that his wife can buy and sell him.

On what grounds would Bette Davis or Harmon Nelson sue for divorce? I have it absolutely from Mrs. Davis that there is no other person involved—unless you want to credit the "in-law rumor." Namely, that mother Ruthie and sister Bobbie (who is married to Robert Pelgram) were at Bette's so often that Harmon complained even the hours they *could* spend together were not spent alone!

The world will never know the real reason if it waits for Bette to disclose it. My guess is that it is a case of temperament. Harmon Nelson remains a conservative New Englander. Bette had to lose her straight-laced inhibitions, or else, she says: "I couldn't have played giddy girls or those disagreeable wenches."

When she first came to Hollywood, they called Bette Davis "a little brown wren." In comparison, today, she is a fighting cock! She found out that the best way to beat the game in Hollywood is to stand up and fight. She *had* to fight to get out of sister rôles and sweet young things. She fought later to get away from drunkards and drugstore molls. She fought Warner Bros. for the right to make pictures in England two years ago. When she lost the court fight, along with her life savings, and returned to work, I knew she was just biding her time. I wasn't surprised when she reopened the old battle with Warners over unsuited rôles and got herself suspended for refusal to play "Comet Over Broadway," which she felt would be a pull-down after "Jezebel" that sent her stock shooting sky-high—and, incidentally, cleaned up tremendous profits for the studio.

This sort of thing takes a lot out of a woman. What's left, the husband gets. The family have always called Bette the "iron horse." Yet she is extremely sensitive and high-strung. She's an individualist as a woman and as a movie star. She's always

refused to be put in the Hollywood mold. Never wanted to be a glamor girl—got the kick of her life when Time Magazine called her "Pop-eye the Magnificent."

Ham's wife today couldn't possibly be the "Spuds" he married. Primarily, she's a studio investment. She was working in "The Sisters" when Harmon Nelson left for New York for a month's business trip. He was anxious for Bette to go with him. But what happened? She couldn't even go to the station and see him off! This is believed to have been the beginning of the end.

"Click—And You've Got Something"

Continued from page 59

automatic spring on the camera, shot it, and *that* was out of my system!"

Roland Young, as *Topper*, wandered up to us, glanced through the pictures and admired them, satisfactorily. "Fun doing this film," he observed, after we had waited in silence while a scene was being played, "but it's tedious fitting in the trick stuff. Constance Bennett has just disappeared again and we're in for more ghosting."

"Rather fun, trick stuff," commented Alan. "I like to experiment with my camera. I use a fog filter now and then to get some special shot. Once I used it for a picture of my daughter in the garden. It was a bright, sunny day, but it came out very misty, with my little girl looking like a fairy about to float away. One of the best pictures I ever got was made on the set of an Eddie Cantor picture a few years ago. I had my daughter visiting me on the set, and Eddie thought he'd make her laugh. But she was giving him nothing, simply sitting there. He tried all his tricks, put on all his repertoire, and suddenly something struck her as amusing and she leaned back and roared. I clicked my shutter. Here's the picture. That's another the advertising experts would like to have. My daughter doesn't mind the camera. She's used to seeing me fussing around with it and pays no attention. Then if I call her, she's still for a moment, and it's over."

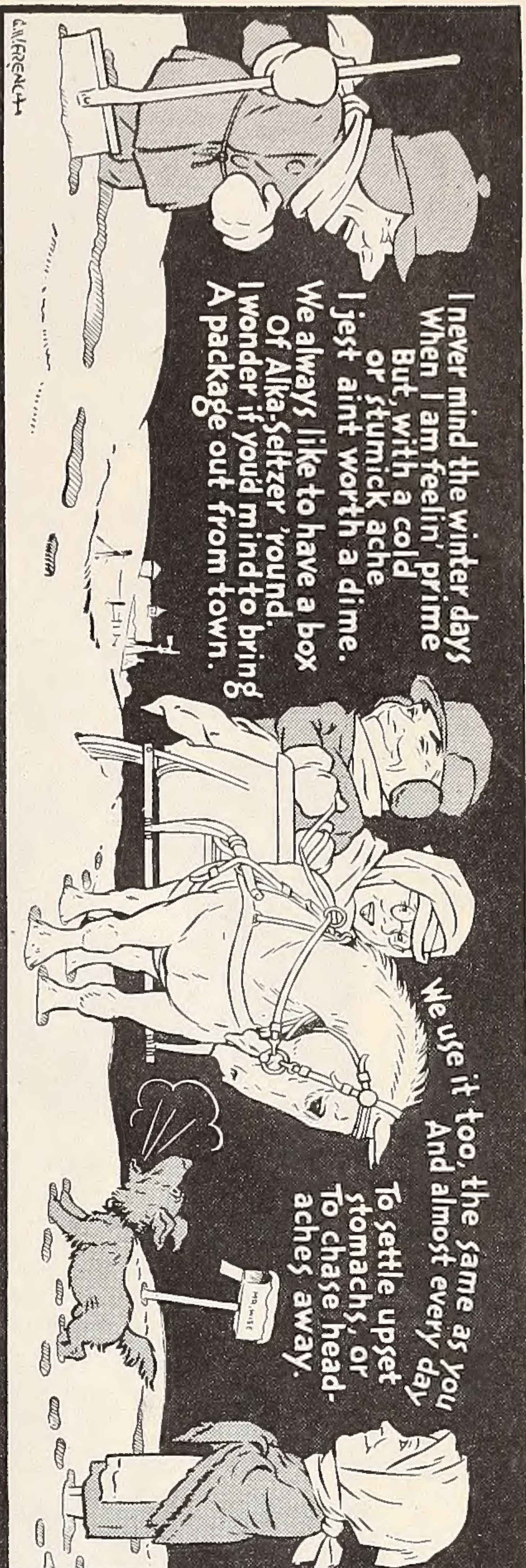
"I have one of those angle-shot things that attaches to a camera so that you seem to be pointing your lens in one direction, but actually you are shooting in another. In that way, it's possible to get good unposed stuff. But I doubt if you could fool children with it. You might manage it once, but the second time they'd be on to you."

"In this shot, my daughter was actually posing. She was visiting the British battleship, H.M.S. Danae, and the men gave her the cap and made quite a pet of her. She wanted a picture, so I took it. But as a rule, I creep up on her when she's doing something and shoot."

"I very seldom show my pictures to people. I hate that old family-album stuff, where you drag out the book and make people look at Cousin Hetty and Aunt Arabelle, and Bobby when he was on the football team, and so on. It bores people to death. I take my pictures, blow them up if they're good, and throw them into a drawer. Except, of course, for the few I frame for my wife. She has several upstairs in her room. For myself, what I want is a record, as I said before. Something to keep. To record the swift changes in my children. Even in these few shots you can see how my daughter has grown."

"For a hobby, you know, taking pictures is really worth while. You've got something. Yes, you've got something!"

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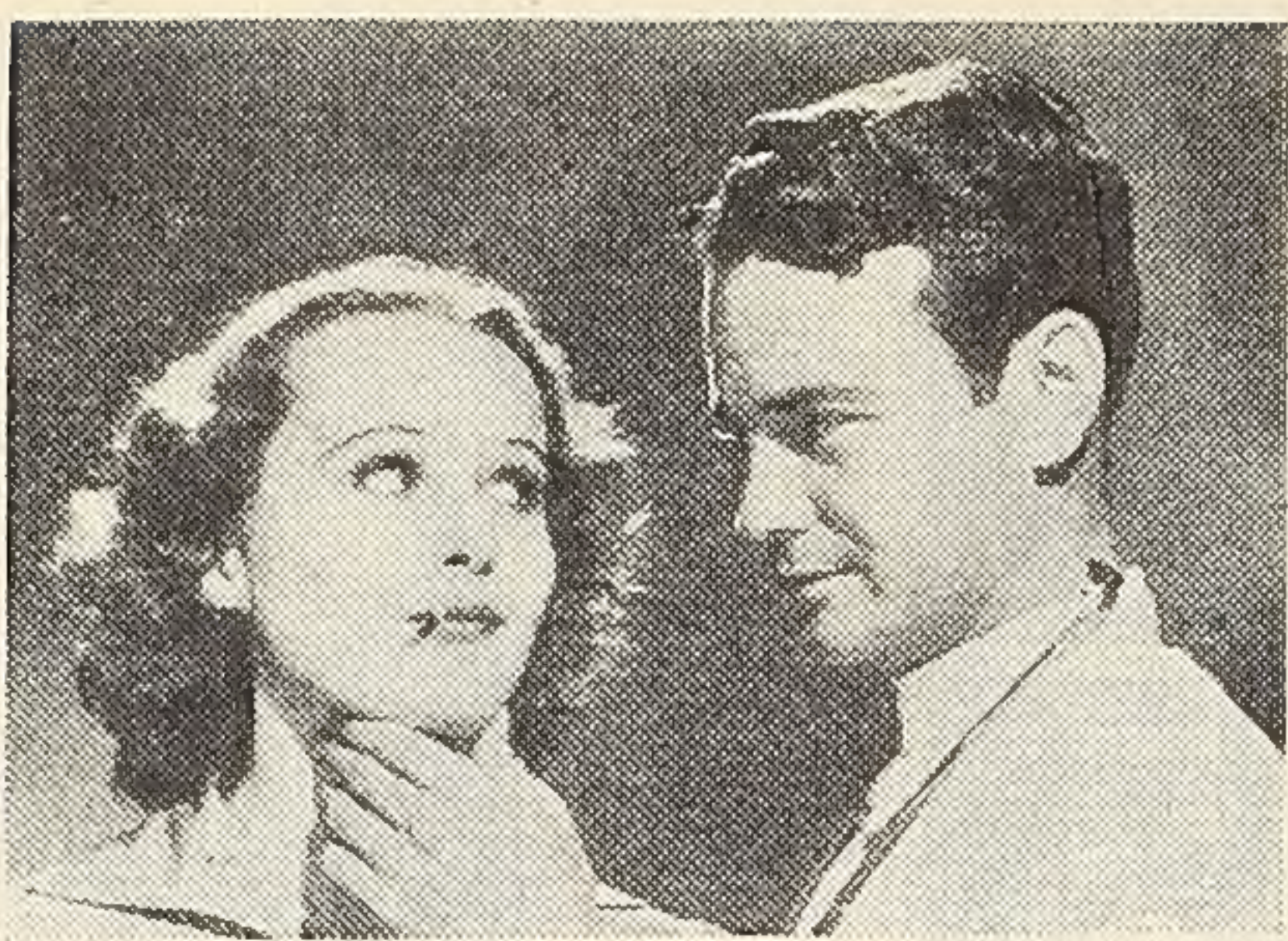
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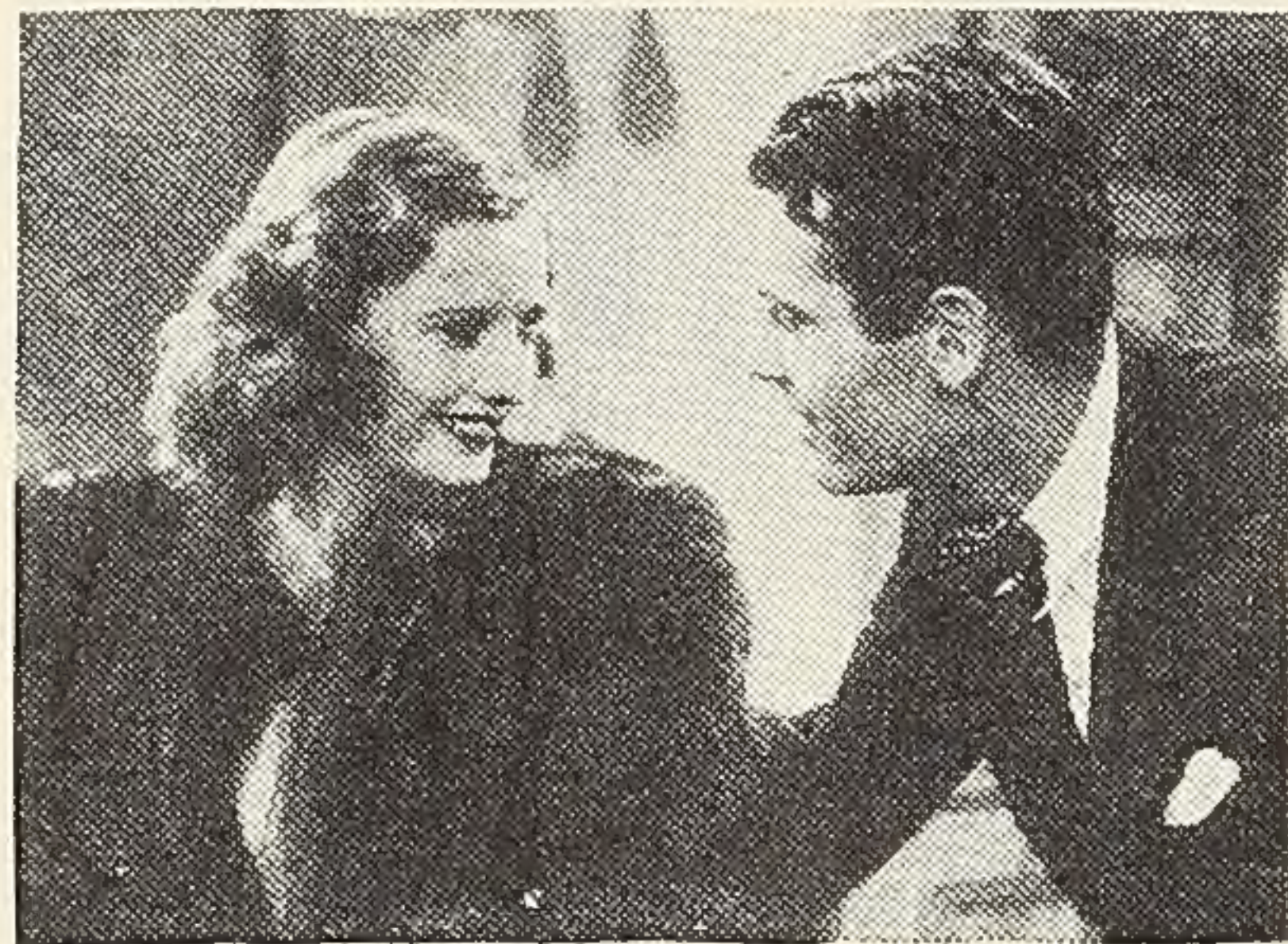
M-G-M



Lew Ayres as a doctor just out of medical school, facing career, loyalty-to-parents, and girl problems. First of a series, it is warm, human, well written and finely directed drama, splendidly acted by Ayres, Lionel Barrymore as a physical cripple but vigorous scientist, Lynn Carver and others. There is a restraint and honesty about the characters and story that make it genuine and absorbing entertainment.

The
Mad
Miss
Manton

RKO-
Radio



High-jinks over homicide—two of 'em to be exact. It doesn't make sense, this tale of a junior leaguer and a reporter tracking down a murderer, but the nonsense it develops will make you glad you went to see the show. Barbara Stanwyck with a knock-out wardrobe, an unconvincing rôle to act, but plenty of good wisecracking dialogue, romps through her part. Henry Fonda and Sam Levene score.

Service
De Luxe

Universal



Corking cast—Constance Bennett, looking like a million, new leading man Vincent Price (who can become a definite screen asset); Mischa Auer; Helen Broderick; Charles Ruggles, supported by Joy Hodges and others. It is giddy comedy in a silky setting and deals with an efficient business woman, la Bennett, who pines for a man with a mind of his own, and meets him in Vincent Price. Light, bright diversion.

Girls'
School

Columbia



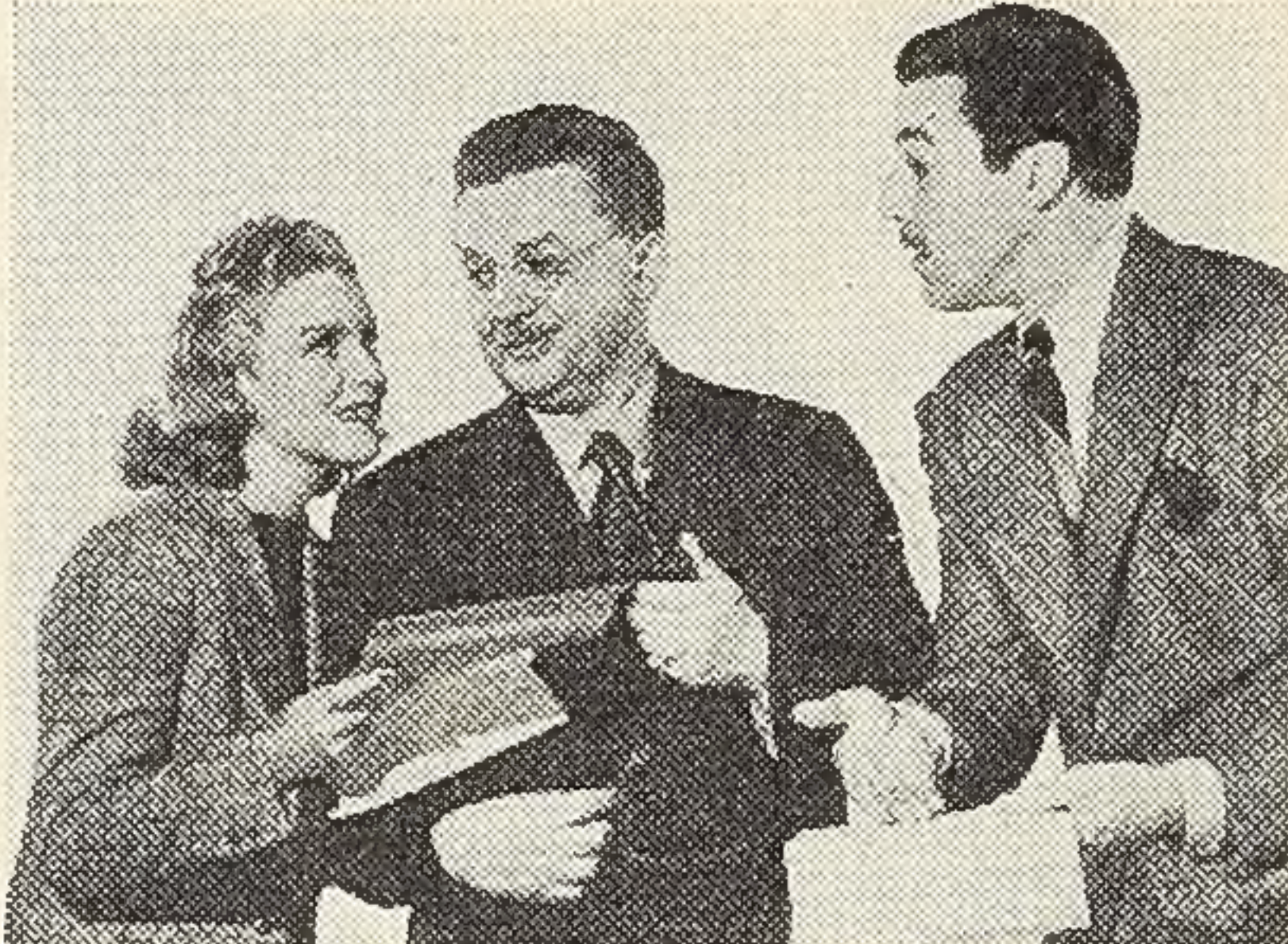
A refreshing film of humorous and wholesome appeal, this is pleasing entertainment as well as honest story-telling. It gives you glimpses into the lives and hearts of several girls at a school where Anne Shirley overcomes snobbishness on the part of richer students, but girls just like herself underneath the social shams foisted upon them. Nan Grey, Gloria Holden, Noah Beery, Jr., in a fine cast.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Five
of a
Kind

20th
Century-
Fox



The Dionne Quints steal another show; send you home laughing at the merriest minuet (with song) you can hope to see. There's a plot—and it's thoroughly "quickie." But with Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero giving the exaggerated yarn about rival reporters the benefit of their skill and personal appeal, even that isn't too hard to take as a fill-in for the Quints' appearances, and Jean "Doc" Hersholt.

Girls
on
Probation

Warners



Hollywood, after landing many a lusty poke at the parole system in many a gangster melo, here takes it back, and shows how offenders by mistake rather than criminal intent, are spared degradation of jail terms. Routine in story and staging, it is grim but moderately entertaining melodrama presenting Jane Bryan and Ronald Reagan as pleasing principals and Sheila Bromley as an able femm "heavy."

Dark
Rapture

Universal



Armand Denis and his wife Leila Roosevelt show you life as lived by savage men and wild beasts in the Belgian Congo. Scenically it is a glorious record of a trip through a land of thrilling contrasts. Little you have not been shown in previous films about Africa, but much to fascinate you as expert camerawork captures magnificent landscapes, awesome jungles and weird customs of the pigmy and Urandis tribes.

There
Goes
My
Heart

United
Artists



It's all on the comedy side and jolly entertainment. Nothing new, but an amusing array of situations and comedy-lot gags engaging the ingratiating talents of Fredric March and Virginia Bruce, with expert and hilarious clowning by Patsy Kelly. You also get a flash of Harry Langdon, whose comeback will be a success—we hope, we hope. The familiar plot gives you an heiress escapist from boresome luxury.

This'll
Make
You
Whistle

C & M
Pictures



A London stage hit transferred to the films, and your chance to see precisely what entertains the tired business man of Britain. It's for grownups (or had we better say for those who've attained their legal majority?), with the always pleasing Jack Buchanan as a shy but none-the-less eager romantic trying to get out of one engagement to get engaged to another girl. Songs, gags, a typical London stage revue.

I Stand
Accused

Republic



The story of two young lawyers, one turning the corner that leads to gangland, the other going the straight and righteous path that brings him to the district attorney's office—where he wins his big case because his pal confesses on himself and his gangster clients. It is satisfying melodrama capably played by Robert Cummings and Thomas Beck as head men, with Helen Mack and Lyle Talbot prominent.

The
Storm

Universal



For a yarn about 'seafarin' fellows you couldn't get a better cast than Charles Bickford, Preston Foster, Andy Devine and Frank Jenks—with Barton MacLane in reserve. Now if only the story was as robust as these hearties, you'd have something more than just good average melodrama in this quick-moving and well acted film. Tom Brown and Nan Grey take over the romantic part of the show most capably.

TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

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Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the sales-girl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right... but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails

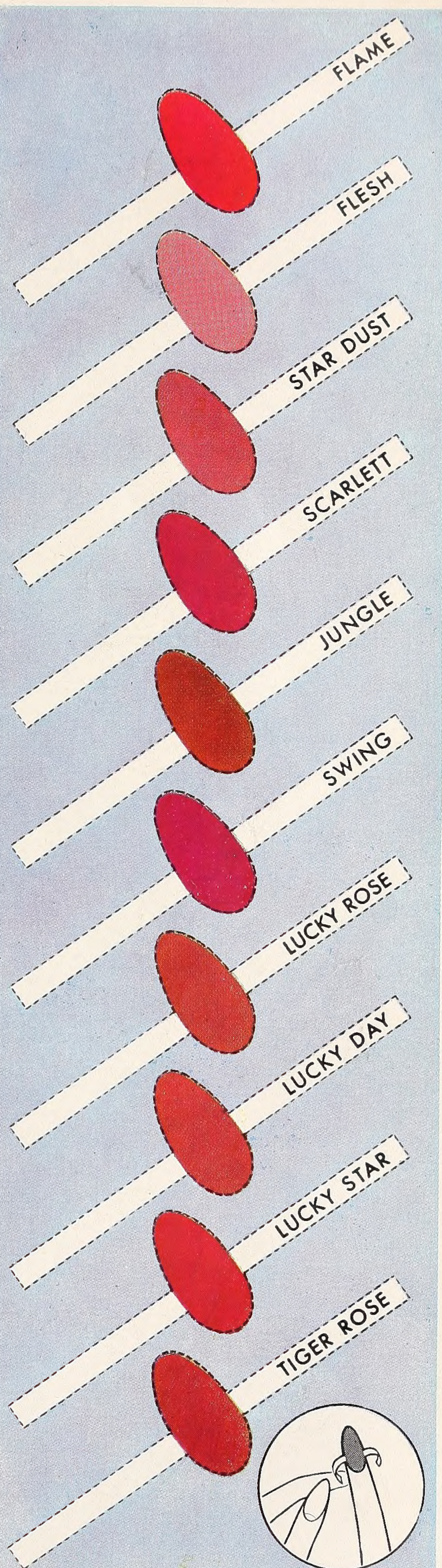
fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at right—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment... to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.

10¢



CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines. **IMPORTANT NOTICE**—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.



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